TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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THE FRONT PAGE

A YEAR or two ago quite a stir was made in England by a novel, "The War of 1910," to which Lord Roberts wrote a preface. It was a story of the supposed invasion and conquest of the United Kingdom by a German army. Last year "The Riddle of the Sands" and other novels having to do with Germany's plans in the North Sea for the invasion of England, had a wide circulation. Some weeks ago Lord Roberts crowned all this by a speech in the House of Lords in which he said in all seriousness most of the alarming things that the writers of fiction had been putting forth.

We are now told that England has gone military-crazy over a play "An Englishman's Home," presented at Wyndham's Theatre, and that a number of companies will be organized at once to produce the play on the various circuits throughout the Kingdom. The play has, it is said, the sanction and was written at the suggestion of "one high in authority," which we are expected to take as meaning the King. Knowing something of the way a play that makes a sudden hit is boomed by those behind it, we may discount, to some extent, the cabled stories of the effect produced on the British public by this production. Perhaps the inhabitants of the Isles have not quite all flown to arms just yet. But there is every reason to believe that England is uneasy and is watching Germany with sharp eyes.

In one of the English papers just to hand I have been reading an outline of the sensational play, which appears to be on the lines of a melodrama, although as a critic of the first performance says "it roused the house to fighting enthusiasm." The first act is described as genuine satire. A typical British family is at home in Essex—"Pa," the comic son, the striving son, daughters, and a suitor for the hand of one of the girls. They all make game of the suitor because he is a volunteer. They are all intensely interested in football and other sports, and "Pa" is struggling with diabolo. The comic son is a typical youth, with his cigarettes, his interest in football results, his witty sallies and insular prejudices. Suddenly volunteers are noticed on the lawn. "Eh, what?" Pa is furious. The cheek of it! The uniforms seem strange. The comic son points a rifle in jest—out comes a six-shooter, and the youth is laid low. "It is the Germans!" The last act is a seige of "The Englishman's Home." Down comes the ceiling, bang goes the mantelpiece, shells and bullets sing. The striving son thinks he will go over to Aunt Emily's for the night, but "Pa" won't budge. He seizes a rifle and peppers away, but in burst the Germans at last. "What, a civilian shooting?" He must be shot. And so, in due form, they shoot him, because he is a civilian and has no right as such to defend his home and country—which is the moral of the whole play. It is this point that has made the sensation, and there promises to be such a decline in football and boom in volunteering as the United Kingdom never saw before. The play is timed to work upon the present state of the public nerves.

On the same day that this play made its sensational appearance, there came out the announcement in the London papers that the Admiralty had reduced the Channel Fleet to comparatively small dimensions, and had built up the North Sea Fleet into the greatest power that was ever assembled on water, headed by six great battleships of the Dreadnought class. It is said also that the Government will this year vote supplies for the building of six more Dreadnoughts.

It looks as if a carelessly thrown match might just now cause a great war to blaze out. The King has gone on a visit to the Emperor of Germany, and there can be no doubt that he goes as an advocate of peace.

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A MAN who does not sign his name has contributed to T. P.'s Weekly an article which he calls "A Seasonal Meditation" on the Small Writer. When he speaks of the Small Writer he means the man who is engaged in journalism, and writes for his own day without expecting to win an enduring place in literature. There are many men, in each succeeding generation, who are by no means content to regard themselves as Small Writers, but enter the lists determined to win a place among the immortals and all their days deceive themselves with the belief that their work is of extraordinary merit. They feel sure that some day people will be capable of appreciating it. There are many others, and each generation sees the number grow, who write for their contemporaries alone and find the task well worth while. In writing on this subject on a former occasion I reminded the journalist that, in these days of large circulations, he, perhaps, reaches and influences the lives and thoughts of more human beings than some authors called great, whose books have been handed down for hundreds of years. And what does it matter where you find your readers, whether in your own day or in some later time, so long as you find them? Why this strange and this old preference for posterity? And why the equally strange preference for putting your writings in bound volumes in the hope that they will influence a future time instead of into the weekly or daily journals where they are almost sure to influence to the extent of their deserving, the present age? But while this line of reasoning has been used in these columns before in the hope of cheering up the journalist who hasn't time to write anything for posterity, yet it is all much better expressed by the writer in T. P.'s Weekly, who sums up: "May not the Small Writer, reasoning for himself, and groping for a hopeful theory of his writing, begin, once for all, to separate the ideas of success and a continuing name? Has time really so much to do with the matter? For in literature three years are a 'boom,' and thirty are fame, and three hundred are immortality, and three thousand are Homer, and then the counting is done. Is it then such a little thing to have struck a bliss upon a day; to have spread little feasts of reason on successive Mondays or Wednesdays in an appointed column; to have tried, sometimes with known success, to illuminate a subject on which the talk is running; to have defined a tendency; to have lanced an error; or in any way to have stimulated the minds of tired men whose lives will cease with your own. Surely this is no shadowy harvest that a Small Writer reaps before he meets the Reaper."

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A FEW weeks ago I published an article on this page protesting against the way some English journals were seeking to alarm the British public by making it appear that Canada was threatening to cast in her lot with the United States unless Great Britain adopted tariff reform and granted Canadian products a preference in the British market. The protest was called for. Some of the statements being made in the English press were enough to make any Canadian hot. One would suppose that we were a lot of Hindus being kept within the Empire by the patient humoring of a few official and other persons, but that ordinary expedients had almost entirely worn-out and the splendid efforts of those who had kept us in line until now, would be wasted, unless the United Kingdom forthwith adopted tariff reform, and granted our products a preference. While most Canadians may favor tariff reform, I venture to say that few of us want to see the cause promoted in England by means of arguments so disparaging to us as a people. We do not want to secure by threats a preference in the British market, nor do we want an advantage in that market granted us through fear that unless we get it we will pack up and get out of the Empire. We are British because we were born so and like it, and not because of the Governor-Generals we have had nor because of the fussing of the fussers who have done what they could to make it appear that the Empire lives because they have been keeping up an artificial respiration for many years. Canada is in the Empire because the overwhelming majority of her people want to be in it, and especially in the past dozen years, there has been such a development in our self-government and such promise of more of it, that even those who used to look forward to other destinies, have grown to believe that all the independence a nation could desire, or could in any way achieve, can be had by leisurely process and safe degrees, within the Empire. This view was not revealed to those on the outlook twenty or more years ago. Even so good a Britisher as Sir Oliver Mowat, in a speech delivered within that time, said that it had always been his belief that Canada would ultimately become an independent nation. That was still his view at the time he made his speech—he was in no hurry, but expected it to come about in fulness of time. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, adopting the pet phrase of an earlier orator, said that independence would come about naturally, "as the ripe fruit falls from the parent tree." This opinion was widespread; it naturally took form in a thinking mind. But the world has seen changes in a few years. The stagnation of this country, which made men dissatisfied, has given way to progress. Our young men, who used to feel that if they had enterprise they must cross over into the neighboring Republic, now go West or North or flock into our rapidly-growing cities. Dawson and Cobalt have given us the sensational advertising to which the world pays attention. Not only so but we have emerged into the era of Dreadnaughts, and we see even first-class powers in no way related in speech or blood huddling together for safety in alliances made as close and binding as possible. It begins to appear that war must cease or be almost world-destructive in its dimensions. Japan has strutted into the arena as a great power, China must soon follow, and our Pacific province lies invitingly rich and unpeopled within easy view of Asia. The policy of every statesman in Europe is to bring his nation into the strongest combination he can devise. Canada is in such a combination already, and her people know it. What we want is not the name of a thing, but the thing itself—and complete self-government we have or are getting.

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BUT in the course of the article a few weeks ago on this page, reference was made to a cablegram from London, saying that The Lancashire Post was suggesting that the coming Imperial Press Conference to be held in London "was being engineered with the object of bringing the Colonial press into line on the Tariff Reform issue." Discussing this suggestion I said that if any such purpose was entertained it would fail, because the daily newspaper men from Canada who had been chosen to attend the conference were men of size, who could not be taken into anybody's camp. While the suggestion that there was any such purpose in the minds of those leading British journalists who are arranging the conference, did not originate with SATURDAY NIGHT but with The Lancashire Post, yet I am glad to publish the following letter received from Mr. Harry E. Brittain, honorary secretary of the Executive Committee of the Press Conference. He writes:

Dear Sir: I have just received a cutting from your excellent paper of January 16th, Front Page, column 3.

I shall be so glad if you will be kind enough to contradict the suggestion quoted there as to the "engineering of this Conference with the object of bringing the Colonial Press into line on the Tariff Reform issue." I need hardly say that party politics do not in any shape or form enter into this scheme, and we have, as you will see, on the Committee, proprietors and editors who represent every form of party politics in Great Britain, all the big Free Trade papers being represented, as well as those which advocate tariff reform.

I am very sorry that such a statement should have occurred in your widely-read paper, and am sure that you will at once give the facts as they are. We have no wish whatsoever to introduce politics into this gathering in June next.

Our only desire is to show our colleagues from different parts of the Empire any interesting things they may like to see in the Old Country, to discuss any matters suggested on the broadest possible lines, entirely excluding matters of party, and, last but not least, in the discussion of our common interests learn to know each other better.

Yours very truly,
HARRY E. BRITTAIN.

As I have said, the suggestion did not originate in this journal, but in The Lancashire Post. But an examination of the names of those British journalists who are behind the Conference, fully supports Mr. Brittain's statement that men of all parties are included in it, so that it cannot be turned to party account.

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SIR WILLIAM RAMSAY says that in from five to eight hundred years the coal supply of Great Britain will be exhausted, her industries will die out and the people, except those who can live on the land, will have to migrate. But his view is a gloomy one. Long before that time we shall be arresting, storing and using the sun's heat, and we will be harnessing the force of the ocean tides and transmitting energy as far inland as we like.

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THE bill that Premier Scott, of Saskatchewan, is presenting to the Dominion Government for the cost incurred by his province in caring for eighty crazy Doukhobors who, after violating the laws and decencies in Ontario were arbitrarily shipped West should be paid. The ringleaders of the Doukhobors were found to be insane and are now in asylums. It would be difficult for Ontario to establish her right to expel these people and foist them on a sister province. But the responsibility for the presence of these people in the Dominion rests on the Dominion Government and the simplest settlement of the dispute is for Ottawa to pay the bill and apologize to Saskatchewan for the trouble she has been put to.

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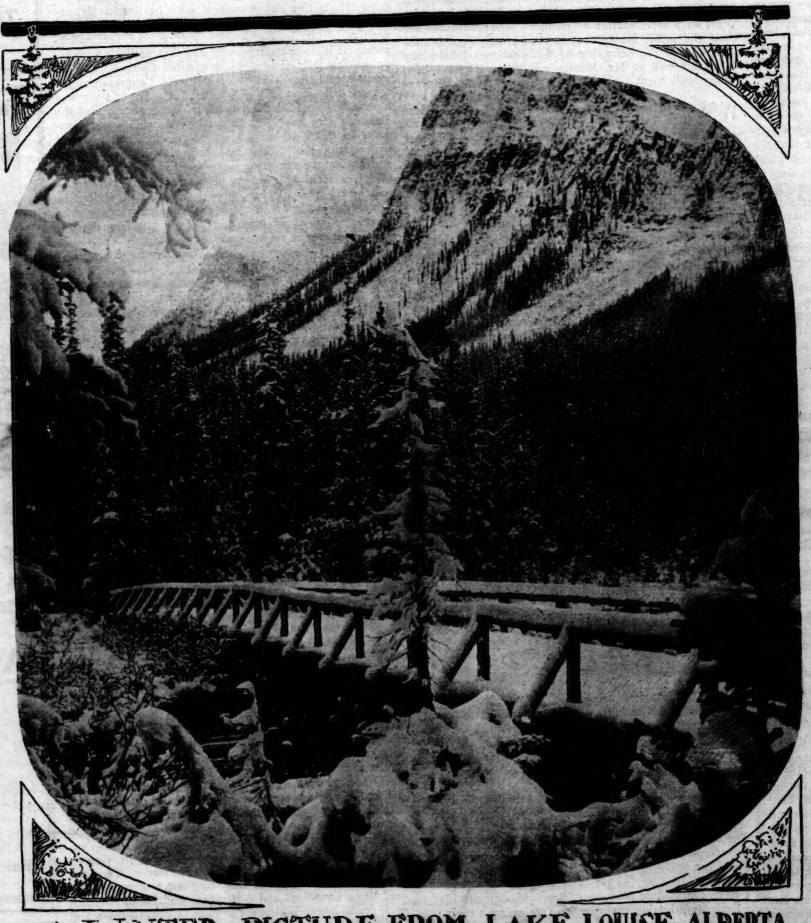
A YOUNG farmer in the Township of Melancthon, who for two years past has "not been right in his mind," arose early last Sunday morning, and escaping from his brother who has been keeping an eye on him for some time past, started out murdering his neighbors at various houses along the road. He killed two men and injured three other persons, two of them perhaps fatally. He had been insane for some time, but that morning the impulse to kill seized him. The coroner's jury, after viewing the remains of an old man and his son who were roused from their beds and slain by the lunatic, recommends that greater care should be taken of persons who are of unsound mind. The suggestion is a very general one, sound in purpose, but not likely to lead to anything unless Provincial Secretary Hanna calls the experts of the asylums into conference to devise a plan whereby medical practitioners or coroners can co-operate with County Crown Attorneys in reporting for examination, detention and treatment, persons of unsound mind. Those people in Melancthon Township should not have been killed and others brutally beaten in a civilized country, for we are told that a physician some weeks ago warned the family of the young man whose mind was deranged that he should be placed in confinement. The blame for this tragedy rests on us all. The State has made no sensible provision for cases of this kind, although they are frequent enough. Scattered over Ontario are physicians who have been educated at considerable expense to the province and many of them know men whose minds are unbalanced and in whom dementia may become homicidal at any time—but no advantage is taken of the special knowledge of these men. Authority does not interfere until it must in the persons of the constable and the coroner. In wiser times we shall not wait for insanity to culminate in murder.

In this case a physician warned the demented man's family that he should be placed under restraint, as his dementia was of a progressive order and might grow homicidal. Surely, in such a case the duty should be made compulsory on a physician to make report to the Crown, where responsibility should rest for taking instant action. Such a person is dangerous not only to his own family but to the whole community, and even a man's own family should not be free to expose themselves to a danger that sorrow and affection will incline them to deny the existence of. The people of his own household will refuse to think that one they know so well could harm them or anyone else. They have a horror of insanity and will deny its existence to the last. They have a horror of asylums for the insane, which they regard as terrible places. They do not know that in our day these institutions are highly efficient hospitals where mental diseases are treated scientifically, and a large percentage of cures effected when the patients are brought under treatment in the early stages of their affliction. Too many people retain, from the literature and tradition of earlier times, the idea that asylums are places where raving maniacs are imprisoned under harsh masters.

They do not know of the wonderful change that has come about. They do not know that experts, proud of their success, are restoring to health an ever-increasing percentage of all kinds of cases that come under treatment. It used to be supposed that insanity was some kind of curse and all kinds of disgrace to the patient and



A WINTER PICTURE FROM LAKE LOUISE, ALBERTA

Stereo-photo by the Keystone View Company, Toronto.

all his people—but in many of its forms it is neither, and is curable, arising from bad bodily health. However, what families do not know—for prejudices linger and are hard to dispel from the popular mind—the State knows and physicians are familiar with, and while the people are learning that insanity in its early stages is usually a disease and curable, society should use the resources at its disposal and require medical men to report to the Crown cases that come under their observation of patients with mental diseases that may at any time make them dangerous.

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LAST week the question was asked on this page why it is that in a great apple country like this, apples should be selling in Toronto at a higher price than oranges. Mr. Charles Clark, editor of The Comber Herald, writes me as follows: "I am told by expert apple growers in this district that the continued dry hot weather last fall over-ripened the fruit before picking time. Though hand-picked the apples decayed very rapidly. It has come to my notice that one farmer has thrown away forty barrels of choice winter apples that were hand-picked and carefully stored in a well-ventilated cellar. Apples are consequently scarce and the prices are high."

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AN agitation to have Massey Music Hall exempted from taxation has been started; Mayor Oliver has taken the question up in Council, and it is to be hoped that at last the city of Toronto will do the fair thing in this matter. The late Hart A. Massey, in presenting Massey Hall to the public at a cost to him of $160,000, was led to believe that the city would assist the purpose he had in view by exempting it from taxation. Nobody can doubt for a moment that had he held back the enterprise until the city gave him some undertaking along this line—something more solid than the verbal assurances he received—the city would have given all necessary guarantees that it would do its part. But the city's faith was pledged. After the Hall had been built it was found, however, that the municipality would require to get legislation to permit of the property being exempted, and from that day to this we have not had a civic administration with sufficient courage and sense of justice to take the necessary steps to have that property exempted. There are many citizens who quite properly object to exemption and who think there is too much property going taxless already, but even these must admit that the city has no right to repudiate the understanding on which Massey Hall was erected. By sliding out of its duty in this matter until now, the city has given mighty poor encouragement to other men who might entertain the idea of doing any similar public service. We have had many benefits from this spacious music hall—foremost among them, perhaps, being the fact that it made possible the building up here by Dr. Vogt of the great Mendelssohn Choir and other bodies which have so widely advertised the city. We have seen Toronto become one of the foremost music centres of the continent, and all this development in recent years, if not set in motion by the action of Hart A. Massey in donating that fine building, was made possible by his act. I have heard it said, too, in some quarters, that the full measure of the benefits that the public were meant to derive from Massey Hall have not been reached because of the city's failure to do the square thing in this matter, for the committee who have the direction of the hall have been unable to carry out the design of the founder in giving from time to time concerts by great artists at reduced prices. It is not desired to manage the hall for revenue, but, to a certain extent, and reluctantly, those in charge have been forced to do this. There was, I am told, a prospect that a grand organ would have been installed in the building, but it was not done as the doing of it would but increase the assessment and the annual tax. The city has been standing in its own light in this matter. We have the opportunity to make Toronto, next to New York and Boston, the greatest music centre on the continent. We have a good start in that direction. But in order to do it we need the peculiar advantage over other places that Massey Hall gives us—or could give us if it were free to work in our interests according to the purpose of its founder. We need the grand organ. We need concerts by great artists at cheap prices. We need the atmosphere that will attract to this city thousands of music students.

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NOR is it well for a city to get the name of treating unfairly the men who show public spirit. Public-spiritedness is not so common that it should be met with ingratitude. I do not know exactly how much the Massey estate has subscribed to religious, charitable and educational purposes, but the total must exceed the million dollar mark. In preparing the subjoined list I was assisted by a friend of mine who takes an interest in such matters, and while some items may be overlooked and while some amounts may not be stated with accuracy, yet the reader will admit that the Massey estate has subscribed generously to deserving objects, many of them in Toronto. Does it not seem a rather poor return for the city to hobble the one enterprise that Hart A. Massey took his last deep interest in—the founding of a great public hall, in which music could have triumphs not otherwise possible? Here is a generous list of subscriptions:

Subscriptions of $5,000 and over, made by the Massey Estate:

National Sanitarium Assn., Gravenhurst	$ 5,000
Massey Hall and Library, Guelph, Ont.	41,000
Y. M. C. A., Winnipeg	5,000
Deaconess Home, Toronto	8,000
Memorial Bldg., King St. W., Toronto (land bought)	7,500
Hall, Chautauqua	10,000
Emergency Fund, Meth. Missionary Society	5,000
St. James church, Montreal	50,000
Meth. Social Union, toward new King St. Meth. church	10,000
International Committee, Y. M. C. A., New York	50,000
Lady Minto Hospital Fund	10,000
Toronto Orthopedic Hospital	5,000
Convocation Hall, University of Toronto	5,000
New Meth. church, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.	5,000
Euclid Ave. Meth. church, Toronto	35,000
Ontario Medical Library Assn.	5,000
Alma College, St. Thomas	25,000
Women's College, Baltimore, Md.	50,000
College St. Meth. church, Toronto	10,000
Art Museum, Toronto	5,000
Alberta College, Edmonton, Alta.	5,000
Fred Victor Mission, Toronto	8,000
Crawford St. Meth. church, Toronto	21,500
Victoria College (for endowment)	200,000
High Park Meth. church, West Toronto	25,000
Toronto General Hospital	100,000
Ladies' Residence, Wesley College, Winnipeg	25,000
Centennial and Simpson Ave. Meth. churches, Toronto	15,000
Y. M. C. A. Bldg., Calgary, Alta.	5,000
Methodist Social Union, for church extension	14,500
Y. M. C. A. Bldg., Regina, Sask.	5,000
Sudbury, Ont., Meth. church	5,000
Fred Victor Mission, Parsonage (about)	17,000
Fred Victor Mission, extension (about)	20,000
Hope Meth church parsonage, East Toronto (about)	18,000
North Parkdale Methodist church, Toronto	20,000

Bequests made by late Mr. H. A. Massey of $10,000 and over:

University of Mt. Allison College, Sackville, N.B.		100,000
Wesleyan Theological College, Montreal		50,000
University of Victoria College, Toronto		200,000
Endowment	$150,000	
Women's Residence	50,000	
Cost the Estate more by		8,500

The Wright aeroplane as seen flying high in the air.

Wesley College, Winnipeg	100,000
Alma Ladies College, St. Thomas	10,000
Stanstead Wesleyan College, Stanstead, Que.	10,000
American University, Washington, D.C.	50,000
Methodist Church Missionary Society	10,000
Metropolitan Methodist church, Toronto	10,000
Methodist Deaconess Home, Training School & Hospital	100,000
National Sanitarium Assn., Gravenhurst	10,000

And yet we have been taxing Massey Hall, and defeating the efforts of the trustees to make it the benefit to the community that the founder planned it to be. Why, as a mere matter of business, if Toronto can become the music centre that it now promises to be, the building and the defraying of the total cost by the city of such a hall as Mr. Massey put up would have been money well spent.

MACK.

WREATHS were placed on the statue of General Gordon in Trafalgar Square, London, on January 26, which was the twenty-fourth anniversary of the fall of Khartoum and the death of the hero.

WILLIAM GOSCOMBE JAHN, A.R.A., sculptor, and John Belcher, A.R.A., architect, have been elected members of the British Royal Academy. Bertram Mackennal, sculptor, an Australian, has been elected an Associate and M. Jean Paul Laurens, the French painter, is made an honorary foreign Academician.

MR. THOMAS SWINYARD, who recently has had his portrait painted by Mr. Piero Tozzi, of this city (says The New York Herald), is one of the oldest members of the Toronto Club, of Toronto, Canada. For many years he was president of the Dominion Telegraph Company, and he also has been connected with the New York, Ontario and Western Railroad. The portrait will hang in the Toronto Club.

IT is rather disconcerting to hear that among the lately discovered traces of early Christians on the banks of the Blue Nile should be a more than considerable number of bottles.—Tatler.

WHY does an Englishman seem able to enjoy himself to such an unlimted extent, and to such a green old age? Solely by virtue of the gift of taking things seriously. Not himself, but things—life, love, even hunting, and the responsibilities of a landed proprietor.—Atlantic Monthly.

Marathonitis.

By JAMES P. HAVERSON.

I MARATHON to business and I Marathon to lunch,
I Marathon about my work; it seems to be the hunch
That everyone should Marathon in everything they do
For when I reach my home at night my wife's been at it, too.

My oldest boy is trotting round the lot across the road,
He's taught the cat to Marathon, he's trying to teach a toad;
The baby has the bug and now he's keeping down his fat
By creeping round the brim of mother's Merry Widow hat.

I have Marathonic blessings, I have Marathonic ills;
I have Marathoning creditors to chase me with their bills,
And my doctor says the latest fad that he's been called to treat
Is a purely mental malady called "Marathonic Feet."

I eat Marathonic dinners, go to Marathonic plays
And my aged dad and mother have the Marathonic craze.
So now it doesn't worry them that they so soon must die
For they're mapping out a Marathon above the bright blue sky.

Canadian Artist in Paris.

A CANADIAN artist in Paris, who is doing wonderfully good work in both oils and etchings, is Frank Milton Armington, of Toronto and Winnipeg. He is rapidly coming to the front, and Canada has every reason to be proud of him. At his exhibition, held six weeks ago, he met with great success and much encouragement. One of the Paris journals said of him: "In his paintings executed in Raffaelli colors without addition of either oil or turpentine, Mr. Armington has very fine effects. Three walls are hung with etchings, for Mr. Armington is an etcher above all. He has sought his inspiration in Bruges, in old Paris, and in Holland."

Among the many etchings sold during his exhibition some have found their way to Canada, the Hon. W. S. Fielding and Mr. Dandurand being among the purchasers. Mr. Armington exhibits in the Paris Salon each year. There are few etchers, if any, who are doing better work than he—and none who give more thought or care to it. He is a quiet man of few words, but Mrs. Armington, who is also an artist and exhibits in the Salon, makes up for his quietness; she is bright and sparkling. They work together almost always, and they know their Paris well. Every beautiful corner and quaint spot they trace upon their copper plates or paint in oils or water colors. It is a pleasure to visit them in their quaint old studio at No. 8 Rue de la Grande Chaumiere, where one is always sure of a hearty welcome, and a good cup of tea. They are delighted to meet Canadians who visit Paris, and have no end of friends among the students of all nationalities working here.

Mr. Armington received honorable mention at last year's Salon, and a third-class medal at the Toulouse International Exhibition.

Roosevelt's Personal Power and Achievements.

HENRY LITCHFIELD WEST, writing in The Forum for February, reviews the achievements of President Roosevelt. He is evidently an admirer of the passing President, and thinks that the storm of criticism, abuse, and antagonism which the "bumptiousness" of the retiring executive head of the Republic has brought down upon himself merely emphasizes his power over Congress and country during his lease of office. Says Mr. West:

When on the fourth of next March, President Roosevelt lays down his cares and responsibilities, one of the most remarkable and interesting chapters in American political history will be finished. For seven eventful years, Mr. Roosevelt has administered the affairs of the nation as its chief executive and during that time he has impressed himself upon the country with more force and individuality than has been equalled in many years. His administration has been marked by extreme aggressiveness. His active and perceptive mind has intuitively, not to say impulsively, grasped the thing desired and his positive, determined character has secured accomplishment. It is no exaggeration to say that until his successor was actually chosen, he dominated Congress. If he wanted legal regulation of the railroads, Congress enacted the requisite laws; if he appealed for a larger navy and especially for additional battleships, Congress supplied the demand; if he asked for an employers' liability law, Congress handed it to him on a silver platter; and when he gave notice that a law affording elasticity as well as stability to the currency must be given to the country, Congress acted with prompt acquiescence. It is true that just at the present time there is a different feeling in Congress; but none the less, the very existence of the present antagonistic sentiment only emphasizes the opposite attitude which was manifest as long as Mr. Roosevelt was the occupant of the White House for an uncertain length of time.

It is, indeed, a matter of no little interest to recall, now that the administration is drawing to a close, how closely the Congress has followed the recommendations of the President. The railroad rate law, the employers' liability law and the currency law have already been mentioned. It was upon his suggestion, too, that the Department of Commerce and Labor was created, a department which has already taken foremost rank among the executive branches of the Government. He was an earnest advocate of the pure food bill and it was due to him that more effective national control was given to the beef packing industry. He urged, almost from the very beginning of his administration, the passage of a law, now upon the statute books, which would prohibit the contributions of corporations to the campaign expenses of any party and his appeal for the publicity of campaign receipts and expenditures has resulted in the establishment of a custom that will not be ignored by any political organization in the future. He has asked, as a matter of course, for some legislation which has not yet been enacted, such as an inheritance and income tax and a postal savings bank system, but the record of his achievement in securing the enactment of laws which he especially advocated is unequalled in any previous administration. The fact that at this late day he has encountered some opposition in Congress only emphasizes the great results which have been accomplished in the past.

THE Parliament of South Africa has been planned. A Capetown despatch of the Canadian Associated Press says: "The Senate of the new Union is to consist of forty members. Eight of these will be the nominees of the Governor-General, while eight will be chosen by each of the four Provincial Councils. The House of Assembly is to consist for the present of 121 members, 51 from the Cape, 36 from the Transvaal and 17 each from Natal and Orangia. The Union will take over the colonial debts. The powers of the provinces apparently will be defined by the act of union, the Canadian model being followed in this respect."

SPEAKING of the Imperial Press Conference The London Times says: "It will bring our brother journalists, these Canadians and Australians and South Africans who are so intensely devoted to Canada and Australia and South Africa, into close touch with ourselves, and us into close touch with them. What they see and hear will, we may be quite sure, make a deep impression upon them; and we may be equally sure that from all of them we shall have lessons to learn. Moreover, it will be a great gain that they should have a chance of meeting each other, and that the meeting-place should be London."

MR. JUSTICE McLENNAN, of the Supreme Court of Canada retires this week, and it is rumored that Mr. R. F. Sutherland, M.P., ex-Speaker of the House of Commons, may succeed him.

IN increasing the travelling allowance of Mr. Taft, the American Legislature may have been influenced by a tender thought for the transport companies (says The London Saturday Westminster). It was one of the elected President's supporters who claimed that he had seen Mr. Taft rise in a crowded car and give up his seat to three ladies. A President like that certainly ought to pay more than the ordinary fares if shareholders are to have dividends.

JOHN LEE, the man whom the executioner could not hang after three attempts, has just been married to Miss Jessie Augusta Bulleid at the Congregational Church, Newton Abbott.—London Daily Mail.

YOU know a worrying woman the moment you see her. Her character is written in her face in wrinkles which you would think nothing short of a miracle would obliterate.—Family Doctor.

L. W. HILL, president of the Great Northern, has accepted an appointment as member of the Minnesota State Highway Commission, and will now, under the law, have to pay his fare when he travels, even over his own road.

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MILLINERS, LADIES' TAILORS AND COSTUMIERS
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Wedding Trousseaux, Tailored Suits.
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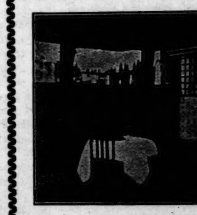
Special 35c Luncheon in our celebrated Table d'Hote Room every business day from 11.30 to 2.30 p.m.
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Reservations by phoning the ST. CHARLES.
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Choice Chocolates and Bon Bons
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Our showing of these is imposing in quality, finish and size. Come to us if you desire the best family plate at moderate prices.
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FOR YOUR VALENTINE
A handsome bunch of Violets arranged in Violet Hamper and nicely tied with cords and ribbons makes a most appropriate valentine.
Mail Orders receive same careful attention as though selected in person. All flowers shipped by express guaranteed to arrive in good condition.
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6% MILLING COMPANY BOND at par.

Annual earnings over four times interest requirements.

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Doctor—You have some sort of poison in your system. Patient—Shouldn't wonder. What was that stuff you gave me?—New York Sun.

The man who is satisfied with himself has a low estimate of other people.—Smart Set.

THE INVESTOR

TORONTO **MONTREAL**

MONTREAL, Feb. 10.

THE preliminary investigation into the affairs of the Sovereign Bank, the case being that of the Finance Department against W. Graham Browne, charged with furnishing incorrect returns to the Government while occupying the post of acting general manager of the Sovereign Bank, brings out some startling information. From the testimony of William Fisher, formerly chief accountant of the Sovereign, it appears that the bank's statement as issued to the Government for general public consumption, was wrong, by omission, commission and a general topsy-turvying of accounts to the modest sum of $2,549,000. Of this sum it appears that upward of a million went to the Canadian Improvement Company at Sault Ste. Marie; another $1,420,000 was due to agents in the United Kingdom, but it was not so stated in the reports, while lastly the sum of $129,000 was in the hands of the Bank of Montreal, but still figured as legal tender in the vaults of the Sovereign. For a starter this looks pretty well. The preliminary hearing, or *enquete* as it is called in the Montreal Courts, will eventually decide whether or not Mr. Browne can be held liable for these falsifications. In any event before the hearing is over the public will no doubt obtain a clearer insight into the workings of the Sovereign Bank, just previous to its decline and fall.

***

Senator Forget.

Slowly but surely Senator Forget is casting the burdens of business aside. The last directorate from which he resigned was that of the Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Co., the announcement coming at the annual meeting a few days ago. However, the Senator will be obliged to retire from a number of others before he can devote all his time to travel and other pleasures which he enjoys so much, not least among them being the care of his fine estate at Senneville, on the upper part of Montreal Island. The Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Company, of which the Senator was for many years at the head and in turn was succeeded in the presidency by his nephew, Rudolph Forget, M.P., owes much to the good business sense of both these men. When the Forgets took hold of the R. & O. Co. it stood between wind and water in more senses than one. It was an old corporation gone to seed. Its service was punk and so were its boats. Its wharves were old and its heads of departments had for the most part grown long grey beards, and couldn't see where improvements counted. But the Forgets changed all this. They injected new blood into the corporation, in the way of a live directorate; they began casting aside their Noah's arks and getting modern boats in their stead. They built the Manoir Richelieu down on the St. Lawrence; they went over the old hotel at Tadousac with a jack plane, and they did many other things which should have been done twenty years before. The day of reward has come, for now the company is on an assured dividend basis (barring unforeseen calamities) and the company's assets, once of doubtful worth, are now beyond suspicion.

***

The Cuban Railway.

When some years ago Sir William Van Horne resigned the presidency of the Canadian Pacific and took upon his sturdy shoulders the work of promoting the Cuban Railway Company, many looked upon the latter enterprise with doubt and distrust. In the first place the Cubans were an uncertain factor, and railway building on that beautiful island was then an unknown quantity. Would or would not the Cubans have the usual tri-weekly revolution? But Sir William and his friends went ahead. They did not secure their funds in the usual manner. There were no small blocks of stock sold nor bonds handed about. If I remember rightly the stock was taken up by those interested in the project in blocks worth fifty thousand dollars each, so it goes without saying that there are not many poor and needy men interested. So far, between fear of the United States and their own better sense, there has been no serious trouble with this naturally turbulent population, and the Cuban Railway Company has prospered exceedingly. Sir William, in a recent interview, told of whole colonies of Canadians and Americans settled and prosperous in different portions of the island. These men from northern climes have, he says, not only built themselves homes, but large industries of a manufacturing character have sprung up where a few years ago all was waste and desolation.

***

TORONTO, February 11.

THE speculative wave has drifted of late from Wall Street towards our own securities. For the most part the change has been an advantageous one. After all, the wave, perhaps, was more of an investment than of a speculative character. Large amounts of securities have been absorbed, and a general advance in prices has resulted. Prospective increases in dividends, and the assurance from the highest authorities in some cases that disbursements would soon be augmented, naturally produced a better feeling on 'Change. Despite the slow improvement in trade, the traction and navigation companies and loan corporations in Canada have had a very successful year, and the market prices of these securities have risen considerably. The relatively better tone on the domestic exchanges is responsible to a large extent for the preference shown by local dealers to Canadian rather than to Yankee securities. The difference in the rates for money in Canadian cities as compared with New York is not as great as it was two weeks ago, and this necessarily favors us. While call loans have risen about 1 per cent. in New York during the fortnight, they have remained unchanged here. The large increases in weekly earnings of Toronto Railway seem to justify the announced increase in dividend from 6 to 7 per cent. There are many, however, who think that this company are paving the way for an increase in the stock, and the new issue will likely be allotted to shareholders at 100. The gross earnings have risen from $1,834,908 in 1902 to $3,610,272 in 1908, and net earnings from $819,547 in 1902 to $1,721,226 in 1908.

Twin City has made good progress, and the road is a popular one with those who use it. Early last year the revenue of the company suffered some through the general depression in business, but the past few months the returns have been most satisfactory, and many shareholders look for a larger distribution in the near future. This, along with a feeling that Canadians are entitled to representation on the Board, has stimulated the demand for the shares. An increased dividend is promised to Canada Permanent Mortgage shareholders, and it is not unlikely that stockholders of another company of the same class will be favored in a like manner.

***

Toronto Electric.

The report of the Toronto Electric Light Company for the year 1908, which was approved at the annual meeting of shareholders on Tuesday, showed the largest earnings on record for that company. Sir Henry Pellatt, in his closing remarks said: "With reference to any advances that may be made towards negotiations for control of the company, I now give my assurance that no agreement will be approved by the directors that will not be equally advantageous to every shareholder of the company." This was the only reference made with regard to the possibility of Mr. Mackenzie's acquiring control of the property. The statement shows a reserve fund of $800,000, and of the $4,000,000 of stock issued, $3,793,100 is paid up. The gross income for the year was $1,155,582, and the expenses including interest on debentures, was $715,711.96, leaving a balance of profit of $439,870.65, out of which were paid four quarterly dividends at the rate of eight per cent. per annum, amounting to $289,254.26, leaving a balance of $150,616.39 to be carried forward to profit and loss, and bringing the amount at the credit of that account up to $160,961.28. Of this $150,000 has been transferred to the reserve account. The plant, including real estate, is valued at $5,364,522, while the total assets are $6,031,902, including cash on deposit $145,105.

The report for 1907 placed the plant value at $3,788,870.07, including real estate, and showed total assets of $5,215,805.28. The income for 1907 was $1,039,716.42 and expenses were $651,925.57, dividends amounting to $245,503.39.

"The statement of last year's operations of the Toronto Electric Light Company is the most favorable in its history," said President Sir Henry Pellatt. The earnings for 1908 showed a satisfactory increase despite the cost of changing from steam to Niagara power.

***

Stock Bonuses.

The public are being treated to another periodical discussion as to whether the Canadian Pacific Railway Company should be allowed to issue new stock at par to shareholders, or be obliged to sell it in the open market. Has it ever occurred to the public why this question never comes up in the case of the Grand Trunk? Well, we will try to explain. There is a great difference financially between the two companies. The C. P. R. has been fortunate in its business management, and the benefits accruing from the company's bargains with the Government have been worth untold millions to the company's shareholders. This has resulted in exceptionally high prices for the stock. No railway stock on this continent with as large a capital, sells at such a high price as C. P. R. This company apparently has no difficulty in getting all the capital it requires at 4 per cent. or under. It is chiefly done by the issuance of new common stock, which is readily taken up at par by its own shareholders. Within the past ten years there have been many chances when the outside investors could have bought the stock at par, and the chief howling comes from these disgruntled ones who have missed opportunities to buy at low prices. But what about the Grand Trunk? Well, the management has been less fortunate. The common shareholders at one time had been entirely extinguished. The G. T. R. Company have never been able to issue new stock as high as par. The methods of this company have been to issue securities which carried preferences, and to a large extent bonds, which came before the stock. They have had to pay more than the other company for their money requirements, and the comparatively lower prices for their securities in London have prevented the G. T. R. from issuing stock to advantage.

Our Canadian banks, or the best of them, have been doing the very same thing when increasing their capital, as the C. P. R. has been accused of, but we hear nothing or see nothing in the daily press about this iniquitous habit. Some of our papers are silly enough to say that an issue of so much C. P. R. new stock at par means a bonus of so much to shareholders, which they condemn. Then why not condemn the Bank of Commerce, the Dominion, Imperial, Hamilton, and the rest of the banks for doing that which the C. P. R. has been doing?

***

Loss in Reserves.

The New York associated banks made a poor statement last week, which caused the reserves to fall to an unusually low level for this season of the year. Cash holdings declined $22,358,500, and reserve above legal requirements $17,360,575, thus creating a surplus of only $11,336,800, which compares with $29,832,175 in the same week last year and $3,345,875 in 1907. The trust companies and State banks under the new law were compelled to increase their reserves to a new basis by February 1, and the cash to effect this change was taken from the banks where it had been on deposit. The banks also lost on gold exports to the Argentine and on withdrawals for Government account. Money rates will hardly return to the low level recently prevailing, but unless an active inquiry arises for accommodation from mercantile sources a high price for loans is not probable in the near future.

***

A Halt in Speculation.

It is always unpleasant to sound the warning note, but a situation such as at present exists on Wall Street, where a phenomenal recovery in prices is at last interrupted by a decided halt, is worth the investor's careful attention. It may be that when the winter is over the progress of the recovery will go on again with added impetus, but in the meantime conditions exist which it would be foolish to ignore. If the spring months are to see a revival in trade stock prices will probably appreciate even from this level. But suppose, on the other hand, that the present accumulation of pig iron and copper should prove too much for the demand and that the expected stimulus to trade should fail to materialize? Disappointment over the course of business in January caused some pretty severe reactions in stocks. Disappointment over the failure of business to improve decidedly in March and April would perhaps cause even severer readjustments.

Mr. Haldane, the British Secretary of State for War, has announced that negotiations are in progress for creating an army of the Empire.

HON. WM. GIBSON, President. J. TURNBULL, Vice-President and General Manager.

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Reserve Fund - - - 2,500,000
Total Assets Over Thirty Million Dollars

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We receive Accounts of Corporations, Firms and Individuals on favorable terms and shall be pleased to meet or correspond with those who contemplate making changes or opening new accounts.

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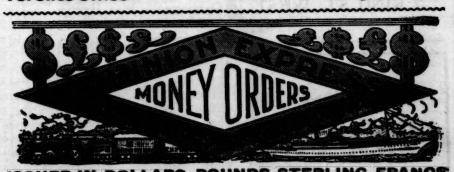

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No delay in withdrawal.

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TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT
A REVIEW OF EVENTS

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"TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT . . . . is always readable, and never condescends to take narrow views or indulge in personal pettiness. It is 'always near the centre.'"—CANADA, London, England.

¶ "High-class circulation for high-class merchandise," is a generally recognized advertising axiom.

¶ TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT has unquestionably the highest class of regular subscribers of any standard weekly publication in Canada. It is admitted to be an excellent medium for the advertising of the more expensive class of goods.

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Capital Authorized $10,000,000.00
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Interest allowed on deposits at all Branches of the Bank from date of deposit.

ELK LAKE, MONTREAL RIVER DISTRICT.

A Branch of the Bank has been opened at Elk Lake, under the management of Mr. A. H. Seguin, formerly Accountant at Cobalt Branch.

Wisdom.

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Calvert's

Carbolic Tooth Powder.

15 cts., at your druggists. For trial sample send 2 ct. stamp to F. C. CALVERT & Co. 349 Dorchester Street West, Montreal.

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In Silk, Cotton and Paper are features of our Confectionery Department and we have also

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COSGRAVE
SIGNIFIES
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find in their practice that PRESCRIPTIONS filled at our store always produce the results sought for.
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44 SPADINA AVENUE
TORONTO - - ONT.

Synopsis of Canadian North-west

HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

ANY even-numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Application for entry must be made in person by the applicant at a Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-agency for the district in which the land is situate. Entry by proxy may, however, be made at any Agency on certain conditions by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader.

Duties—(1) At least six month's residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.

(2) A homesteader may, if he so desires, perform the required residence duties by living on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of his homestead. He may also do so by living with father or mother, on certain conditions. Joint ownership in land will not meet this requirement.

(3) A homesteader intending to perform his residence duties in accordance with the above while living with parents or on farming land owned by himself must notify the Agent for the district of such intention.

W. W. CORY,
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorised publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

AN OLD FASHIONED GIRL

WRITES AGAIN ON THE BATTLE OF THE "U."

Editor Saturday Night:

Sir,—You have been extremely kind to "an old-fashioned girl." But by the way why do you call me a "girl?" I am scarcely one now having just past my forty-fifth birthday. You see I don't in the least mind telling you my age and there is some proverb that a lady repeated to me when we were down knitting at the "Infants' Home" last Wednesday about a man being as old as he looks and a woman as old as she feels—I am not sure that I have it *quite* right—and I feel as young as I did when we came out here ten years ago when I had just passed my thirty-fourth birthday.

But what I wanted to ask is this—Why do you publish my letters to you and not yours to me? Both John and I enjoy yours *so* much and we often quote bits out of them to friends—only of course I don't say whose are those clever ideas that you give us. As John would say "we don't give you away." John thinks it a great joke that a busy man like you—and I believe most editors *are* busy men except of course such wealthy ones as Mr. Robertson Ross who they say has a private dahabeah on the Nile and Mr. Macdonald who can go for long visits to his friend Mr. Foster and Mr. Maclean who spends most of his time in farming—should consider it worth his while to sit down and write *pages* and *pages* every week to a rather stupid person like me. But we do enjoy your letters so much that I often write you just for the pleasure of getting the answers. I had always supposed until now that editors were very terrible persons and often rather short in their tempers especially if they were in a hurry to get out the paper and I remember a bit you wrote a few weeks ago when you were reviewing a novel written by some Presbyterian minister—why is it that only Presbyterian ministers seem to have time to write novels? Ian Maclaren does it and George Macdonald and Ralph Connor and Rev. Mr. Knowles but I don't remember ever to have read a novel by a clergyman of the Church of England except Canon Kingsley. Oh yes; Archdeacon Farrar did write a rather stupid one about a prig of a schoolboy called Eric and he wrote also some Early Christian stories which I never *would* be bothered reading though my father wanted us to because the Archdeacon was such a friend of his. I think I have never read a novel by a Methodist minister either and I suppose Doctor Briggs doesn't *write* novels though he publishes some very interesting ones such as that last one of Miss Beatrice Harraden's. We were very much interested in Miss Harraden having met her some years ago at Davos Platz—it was about Davos that she wrote her first novel "Ships that Pass in the Night" and I remember we thought—John and I—that she would marry "the disagreeable man" just as Elizabeth—who had the German garden you know — had married "the man of wrath" but John says she didn't and that she is still—like me—a spinster. By the way why do you call us spinsters? We don't spin now since the cloth is all machine-made. We only sew on buttons and darn socks—very holey ones sometimes—and make up what the "salesladies" at Eaton's call "white goods." At home we call them "petticoats" but out here they don't use the word—scarcely at all. They say "white goods" and "underwear" and "chiffons." Surely they can't think "petticoats" an indelicate word any more than "stockings." But perhaps they do for that and I know they say "hose" or sometimes "hosen" which is a Bible word.

John has just come in and he says "Ships that Pass in the Night" was not Miss Harraden's first novel and that before that she had written a story for children called "Things Will Take a Turn." He says it is about an old bookseller who got more and more discouraged because the younger men were getting all the business and he thought he must go to the poor-house but his little granddaughter cheered him up by saying "Never mind—grandfather—things will take a turn"—and so at last they did and they two lived happily ever after.

But we think "Interplay" quite the best book she—Miss Harraden I mean—has written yet and we have *so* enjoyed reading about "Aunt Caroline" and "Brother William" for we have met exactly these sort of people out here. And speaking of those sort of people reminds me of Mr. Chadband the little fat round oily man who was the minister of Salem Chapel in Knutsford and speaking of Mr. Chadband reminds me of the butcher and the grocer who had their shops in the High street of our village—and that I promised to tell you about them. They both "sat under" Mr. Chadband and I know they thought—and indeed the grocer actually *said*—I know this because Martha's niece is an under-housemaid at "Pinewood"—Lord Holland's place in Surrey—and has a "follower" who was an assistant in Mr. Pumblechook's the corn chandler's shop in our village and this youth—his name is Joseph Gargery—heard Mr. Chadband talking to Mr. Tozer—that is the grocer's name—in Mr. Pumblechook's shop about my father and he—Mr. Chadband I mean—said he had been wrestling a good deal of late about my father—though he did not look at all like a wrestling person being short and fat and scant of breath—and he said—I mean Mr. Chadband not young Gargery—that he—Mr. Chadband—feared that my dear father was an Erastian and not a chosen vessel but rather a vessel of wrath and that he was a blind leader of the blind and that his wearing a surplice in church and having flowers on the altar showed that his feet were set upon the downward path that leads to the House of the Scarlet (something) of Babylon.

But really my father dreaded everything that was the least bit "Popish" and never would allow anyone to call him a priest and I know that when he and my step-mother came out here on their wedding journey and were in Toronto on the Twelfth of July and saw the grand procession of loyal Orangemen march down the Queen's avenue and my father was so pleased at all the British flags waving and the bands playing "Rule Britannia" and "The Red, White and Blue" and—though less so with these—"Protestant Boys" and "Croppies Lie Down" and when he saw the open Bible carried on a purple velvet cushion by a man in a very gorgeous uniform with a yellow sash over his shoulder and hanging down at one side he was delighted. Only he said he hoped all these loyal Protestants read that good Book every day and read and marked and inwardly digested what it teaches about love and charity and good will and tolerance toward our erring—but no doubt misguided—Roman Catholic brethren. But when John told me about Mr. Levee and Dr. Conboy saying that no "Papist" should be employed by any School Board or any other Board in which they had anything to say I was afraid that my father's hope had not yet been *quite* fulfilled for these men seemed to have a great many supporters last New Year's Day and the people who vote in that way must think just as Mr. Levee and Dr. Conboy do about those poor Catholics though that is not what I always understood that the Protestant Bible teaches us to do.

But dear me! My ink-pot is empty and there is no more Stephens's Blue Black in the house and I simply *cannot* use these cheap colonial inks and I shall have to write again to the Stores and isn't it provoking when I wrote them only last week—you know it was for some more of that nice thick paper with the Graham crest on it and that will cost another penny for postage not to speak of the paper and envelope and John says we have not too many pennies already and "take care of the pence" and so on, but it can't be helped for I have a host of letters to write and I *must* have ink. M. G.

P.S.—John says that he thinks I might be able to buy Stephens's Blue Black at Tyrrell's in King street. He says it is a stationer's shop and very good.

M. G.

Journalism and Literature.

A WRITER in the current issue of The Forum—Mr. Clayton Hamilton—contrasts journalism and literature. As might be expected from a contributor to The Forum, Mr. Hamilton gives journalism the worst of it. But when he states that the influence of journalistic writing lives only for the day of its appearance, he invites argument as to whether he is right in classing all journalism, good, bad, and indifferent, as ephemeral. Yet much that he says is true enough in a general way, and all that he says is well worth consideration. A portion of his article is here quoted:

One reason why journalism is a lesser thing than literature is that it subserves the tyranny of timeliness. It narrates the events of the day and discusses the topics of the hour, for the sole reason that they happen for the moment to float uppermost upon the current of human experience. The flotsam of this current may occasionally have dived up from the depths and may give a glimpse of some underlying secret of the sea; but most often it merely drifts upon the surface, indicative of nothing except which way the wind lies. Whatever topic is the most timely to-day is doomed to be the most untimely to-morrow. Where are the journals of yester-year? Dig them out of dusty files and all that they say will seem wearisomely old, for the very reason that when it was written it seemed spiritedly new. Whatever wears a date upon its forehead will soon be out of date. The main interest of news is newness; and nothing slips so soon behind the times as novelty.

Literature speaks because it has something to say; journalism speaks because the public wants to be talked to. Literature is an emanation from an inward impulse; but the motive of journalism is external; it is fashioned to supply a demand outside itself. It is frequently said, and is sometimes believed, that the province of journalism is to mould public opinion; but a consideration of actual conditions indicates rather that its province is to find out what the opinion of some section of the public is and then to formulate it and express it. The successful journalist tells his readers what they want to be told. He becomes their prophet by making clear to them what they themselves are thinking. He influences people by agreeing with them. In doing this he may be entirely sincere, for his readers may be right and may demand from him the statement of his own most serious convictions; but the fact remains that his motive for expression is centred in them instead of in himself. It is not thus that literature is motivated. Literature is not a formulation of public opinion, but an expression of personal and particular belief. For this reason it is more likely to be true. Public opinion is seldom so important as private opinion. Socrates was right and Athens wrong. Very frequently the multitude at the foot of the mountain are worshipping a golden calf, while the prophet, lonely and aloof upon the summit, is hearkening to the very voice of God.

The Ever-Growing British Navy

THE first keel plate of another vessel of the Dreadnought type, the first-class battleship Neptune, has been officially laid on the building slip of Portsmouth dockyard and the work of construction is progressing in a businesslike way. The Neptune, which is the largest of the British Dreadnoughts yet laid down, is to be ready for sea in two years and will cost nearly $10,000,000.

She will be 510 feet long and 86 feet wide, which is 20 feet longer and 4 feet wider than the Dreadnought and 10 feet longer and 2 feet wider than the St. Vincent, which preceded her on the slip. In displacement the Neptune will be over 20,000 tons, probably 20,250, as against the Dreadnought's 17,900.

As in all the vessels of the Dreadnought class turbine engines will be fitted, with 25,000 horse-power, in the case of the Neptune giving her a speed slightly in excess of the other Dreadnoughts. In the new ship the arrangement of the ten 12-inch guns, which will form her armament, will provide for a stern fire of eight guns.

The British navy has now built or building eleven ships embodying the all big gun principle introduced in the Dreadnought, and ten of the immediately preceding types with a heavy mixed armament of 12-inch and 9.2-inch guns. Of the former type the Vanguard has just been launched, and the Indefatigable will be commenced at Devonport next month.

The earliest date which any university puts forth is that which Cambridge makes that it was founded about 635; its continuous history dates, however, from 1109. Paris was founded in 792 and renovated in 1200. Oxford dates back to an academy mentioned as ancient in 802; the schools were founded by King Alfred about 879 and King Henry III. granted the charter in 1248. Bologna dates from 1116. Salamanca was founded in 1239.

Dr. Adolf Deucher, who has been elected President of the Swiss Republic for the fifth time, is seventy-eight years old and has been in public life for more than half a century. He was first elected to the Diet in 1855. His terms of office have not been successive, as the constitution requires that at least a year shall intervene between periods of service in the Presidential chair.

Does learning pay? Fourteen holders of honorary degrees from Oxford—among them President Butler, Charles Eliot Norton, William Dean Howells, Bishop Doane, Mark Twain, and Professors Baldwin, Goodwin and Gildersleeve—wishing to make a gift to the English university, could only scrape up a thousand dollars. —New York Evening Post.

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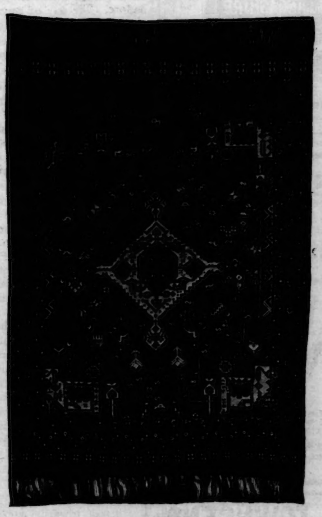

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NOTES from NEW YORK

BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

NEW YORK, February, 9, 1909.

THE race is not always to the swift, as England's fleet runner, who essayed to enter the Marathon lists, found to his sorrow the other night. With eight laps to the good at the twentieth mile and a speed apparently undiminished, he was overtaken in the twenty-fourth by the steady, slow-going Indian, and shortly after fell tottering by the way within two miles of the coveted goal. Never was such a pace set for a Marathon. The great audience of ten thousand that crowded Madison Square Garden fairly gasped as the first laps were reeled off in sprinter's time. Wonder grew as the mile post was passed in 4.52, the five mile in 27.54, the ten in 57.32, and the fifteen in 1.28. When the twenty-mile post was passed in 2.01, the audience began to sit up and ask itself if this wonderful middle distance champion, this unknown quantity in Marathon, had carefully planned a surprise for the running world. At that time victory seemed sure.

All this while the imperturbable Longboat maintained his even, steady pace. For the first lap or two he followed close on the Englishman's heels. Then he steadied down to a Marathon gait leaving the inexperienced Englishman to add as many laps as he liked to the distance between them. The more the better, in fact. He refused to be drawn out by his fleet rival, and even the Englishman's irritating patter at his heels failed to quicken his pace. He seemed to realize from the start that he was no match for his opponent in speed, that if Shrubb succeeded in covering the entire distance, no matter how, the race was a foregone conclusion. If he did not last, a few minutes more or less would not affect the result. His calculations were abundantly confirmed when he loped home a winner in eight minutes slower time than in his previous race with Dorando.

The real race began after the twenty-first mile. The Indian's steady pace was beginning to tell on the Englishman's lead, and a half-mile farther on Shrubb had slowed down to a walk. Even then it seemed part of a careful calculation beforehand. By the time the twenty-fourth mile was reached, however, the lead had been cut down to two laps, and while the Indian was running strong and steady, the Englishman's pace alternated between walking and running. The game was clearly up. His trainer urged and the crowd encouraged, but he only shook his head. When Longboat passed him for the eighth and, as it proved, last time, he playfully beckoned him to come on. The only answer was a deprecatory wave of an acknowledgment of defeat. The last lap he had gained in the early stages was overtaken. His tactics and his strength had both failed, and the Marathon, with its glorious traditions was not for him. He sacrificed no laurels, however. He is still the fleetest runner of the day up to fifteen miles, possibly to twenty, and a sport of whom the English athletic world are justly proud.

On the whole the race was not as interesting as the Longboat-Dorando event. For a time excitement was more intense, and the Englishman's plucky effort to maintain his lead in the final stages was thrilling and spectacular. But enjoyment was marred by some of those distressing scenes that have brought condemnation on the Marathon in England. Shrubb's condition for a mile or two before he gave up was pitiable. His arms hung limp, his mouth was agape, his legs unsteady, and his eyes loked ahead with a vacant glassy stare. Longboat was also visibly tired toward the close, and loped off the last mile or two wearily and indifferently. The feature of the former race on the other hand was the Indian's great burst of speed in the last mile. Friday night's test showed no such evidence of reserve strength or speed, and the apparent efforts of his trainers, who seemed to be legion, seemed to confirm the impression of weariness.

A Marathon runner might have beaten Tom that night.

* * *

THIS is Lincoln week. Long cannonized by his people, his gaunt figure looming constantly larger on the horizon of American history, the martyred war president this week, on the centennary of his birth, formally takes his place as a great national hero, if not the great national hero of his country. His only rival, the veracious Washington, seems, in contrast at least, about to become as mythical a personage as the story on which so much of his reputation has depended. And, on the whole, Lincoln is a better idol, a more necessary ideal at least, for this country at large, notwithstanding its founder's very enviable reputation for truth telling. To have set up in the hearts of this people, just at this crisis of their economic madness, an ideal of unaffected simplicity, patience, long suffering, consideration for others, and unselfish devotion to the public service, can hardly be overestimated.

Lincoln is great because he was, in the truly Kennedy sense, "a servant in the house" of this great Republic. The enduring qualities of such a character, the permanency of its hold on the imagination of the people for all time, might very appropriately be suggested as a subject for reflection to a certain more recent occupant of the White House, when the quiet of an African jungle is about him.

* * *

AND, speaking of service, though in a ridiculously less and far different degree, Mr. Loeb, the faithful private secretary of President Roosevelt, has found his reward in the collectorship of Customs for this port. It is said that his old chief sought a Cabinet position for him in the new administration, and that Mr. Taft's refusal had threatened a rupture between the two friends. Mr. Taft, no doubt, took the attitude that, while the faithful Mr. Loeb's long and arduous service to the last administration, as secretary, buffer, scapegoat and what-not, might be difficult to overestimate, it was nevertheless more in the nature of a private than a public service. However, the comparatively inferior reward is not to be despised. The emoluments are considerable and the position will bring Mr. Loeb into contact, with the largest commercial and financial interests of the country. It is also reported that the new collector will become the President's confidential adviser on political conditions in New York—a position for which his training would seem to particularly qualify him.

* * *

AND while we are on the subject of New York politics, it may be noted that the Governor seems to be having his customary troubles with a refractory Legislature. Last week his nominee for State Superintendent of Insurance was turned down, and charges preferred against him in the Senate. Whereupon the nominee declined the honor on the ground that he had no taste for political controversy. Another nomination was necessary, and this time the Governor's choice is William H Hotchkiss, a Buffalo lawyer. It remains to be seen how the Senate will take to this name. Meanwhile they have administered another rebuff to the Governor by refusing to confirm his nominee, Prof. Herbert E. Cook, for the minority place on the State Highway Commission. Notwithstanding that Cook is a Democrat all the Democratic Senators voted against him, making common cause with unfriendly Republicans to the number of seventeen. Democratic objection was founded on "irregularity," Cook voting for Taft and Hughes in the last election, although four years ago he voted for Parker and Herrick. Republican objection, contrariwise, was founded on the nominee's political affiliations, which his irregularity failed to condone.

Minor defeats of this sort apparently do not disturb the Governor. He has told us recently that some of his happiest moments are those spent with Epictetus in the midnight hour. This is an austere taste to be sure, but to these midnight sessions with the Phrygian philosopher the Governor probably owes some of that mental poise and equanimity of soul, against which the Woodruff, Parsons, and other party hacks prevail in vain.

* * *

A FORTNIGHT ago we were told that Mrs. Clarence Mackay, one of New York's social leaders, had openly espoused the Suffragette cause. This week the anti-Suffragists, have found an ally of at least equal social prominence, in Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, who has publicly declared herself against the granting of the franchise to women. The position of Mrs. Fish in the movement here will be somewhat analagous to that of Mrs. Humphrey Ward in London, although, apart from her social eminence, the New York leader will speak with nothing like the authority of Mrs. Ward. Her intellectual resources, if one may judge from her published views, are vastly inferior to those of the famous English authoress, as is also her skill in presenting her opinions. Mrs. Fish takes what may be roughly classed as the chivalrous view that women are physically unfitted for sex equality, that they have nothing to gain and everything to lose by asking for it, and that as things stand now their influence on mankind is more potent than it would be with the ballot in their hands.

Heretofore I have taken the rather magnanimous position that I have not the right either to give or withhold the franchise from my fellow-sisters—that my personal preferences, whatever they are, can have nothing to do with the matter. Nevertheless I must confess to a secret hope that Mrs. Fish will persuade her sex into her way of thinking. The prospect of letting loose on the community a lot of reformers—sentimental reformers at that—with all kinds of undigested fads, is not a happy one. This week, for instance, in the anti-vivisection meetings at which Miss Lind-af-Hagerty, the English anti-vivisectionist, spoke, we have had an illustration of the direction and zeal of certain reforms we may expect.

Miss Lind disagrees entirely with the most eminent medical authorities of the day and says so, because, forsooth, so many of their discoveries are the result of vivisection. She is against the Pasteur treatment for dog bite. She objects to vaccination both for the sake of the calf and the infant. Andrenalin, a product of animal experimentation, used to stop inflammation and control hemorrhage, she does not consider useful. And so on. Miss Lind first came into prominence as the author of a book called "The Shambles of Science," in which she described some of the demonstrations she had witnessed while a student in the London School of Medicine for Women. On information obtained from Miss Lind, the Hon. Stephen Coleridge ventured to publicly describe a demonstration by Dr. Bayliss, one of the leading physiologists of London. The doctor promptly sued for libel and Mr. Coleridge was compelled to pay £2,000 and costs. "The Shambles of Science" was then withdrawn from circulation.

* * *

OF the three dramas produced within the last fortnight, two at least, "The Third Degree" and "The Easiest Way" are emphatic successes and destined to considerably outlive the present theatrical season. The other, "The Dawn of a To-morrow," by Mrs. Hodgson Burnett, will also, no doubt, receive a very large measure of support, especially from Christian Scientists to whom its appeal is apparently made. That it lends any special support to their teachings, whatever these are, is, however, another question. As the book is tolerably well known a detailed account is not necessary. Miss Eleanor Robson as "Glad," the street philosopher of cheerfulness and practical philanthropy, is excellent, and the supporting company is unusually competent.

The only theatrical announcement for the present week is Jerome K. Jerome's "The New Lady Bantock," which has already had a successful run in London. Miss Fannie Ward and Mr. Charles Cartwright are the leading actors in the production on this side.

J. E. W.

F. S. Converse, the American composer, will have his romantic grand opera, "The Pipe of Desire," produced this season by the Metropolitan Opera Company, almost contemporaneously with the presentation of his "Job" by the Cæcilia Verein of Hamburg. The rarity of such a work as an American grand opera is seen in the fact that preceding Converse's romance there actually have been only four American essays in grand operatic composition. N. H. Fry's "Leonora," dating back to 1858; George F. Bristow's "Rip Van Winkle"; Walter Damrosch's "The Scarlet Letter," and "Zenobia," by Silas Pratt, make up the list.

In the course of its long history England has known a few serious earthquake shocks. In the days of William Rufus one was felt throughout the country, and in 1274 an English earthquake destroyed Glastonbury among its other damage, while part of St. Paul's Cathedral fell in as the result of an earthquake in the sixteenth century. Perhaps the most serious shock was that which inflicted much damage in the eastern counties in 1884; a Mansion House fund was opened for the sufferers.—London Chronicle.

In his various plays Shakespeare used about 15,000 words. Milton used only about half as many in his writings. A person of culture and education has a speaking vocabulary of about 5,000 words; an ordinary person uses from 2,000 to 3,000 words. This would indicate that the 300,000 words of the English language include a good many that are seldom employed.

It is rumored from Africa that all the leading wild animals there are arranging a great Marathon race in the opposite direction for the day of President Roosevelt's arrival.—Punch.

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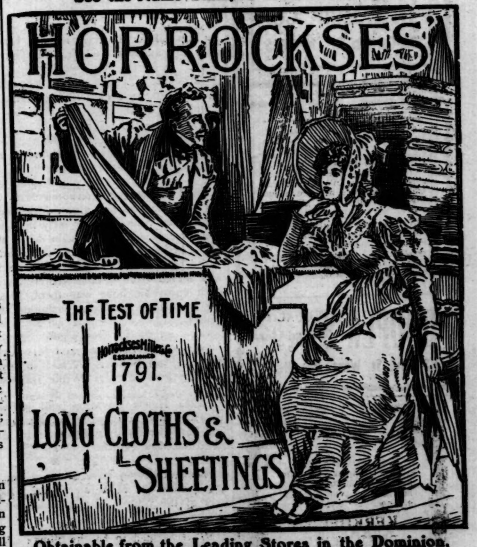

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

MRS. AUDEN gave a very pleasant tea on Wednesday at her quarters in Upper Canada College. The day, although somewhat boisterous, was bright and sunny and a goodly number of ladies betook themselves by motor, brougham or tram to the far north, where the west wind didn't do a thing to them. One fairly weighty guest, who hoisted an umbrella to protect her face and head gear from the gales, was blown off the slippery pavement, across the ditch and into the road, squeaking for an anchor! Once within the principal's cosy quarters, however, it was all that was comfortable and delightful and a well-plenished tea table, decorated with some beautifully preserved autumn foliage, was waited upon by the sister of the hostess and a number of girls, Mrs. Auden looking particularly nice in a white broadcloth gown, and some of her guests were: Mrs. Cockburn, Mrs. G. G. T. Lindsey, Mrs. Fletcher, Mrs. Jackson, Mrs. Symons, Mrs. Ansley, Mrs. Mavor, Mrs. Henderson, Mrs. Meyers, Mrs. J. I. Davidson, Mrs. Harold Bickford, Miss Chrysler, of Ottawa; Mrs. Herbert Mason, Mrs. Van der Smissen, Mrs. Hartley Dewart, Mrs. Willison, Mrs. G. Dickson, Miss Macdonald, Mrs. J. B. Hall, Pres. and Mrs. Falconer, Mrs. J. G. Macdonald.

Mrs. Graham Thompson gave a very pleasant bridge on Tuesday afternoon, for Mrs. Stephens, of Collingwood, who is visiting Mrs. Calderwood. Some of the best players in town competed for the prizes, which were the prettiest of handworked 'kerchiefs. Mrs. Stephens has had a round of entertainments since she came to town.

Mrs. Sinclair entertained at luncheon yesterday. Mrs. Alexander, of Bon Accord, gave a luncheon on Wednesday.

Mrs. Miller Lash is leaving for Naples next week, and will sail by the Coronia on Thursday.

Mrs. W. H. Grant gave a dance for the young friends of her two sons on Tuesday night, when many of the debutantes of last fall and their boy friends had a joyous time.

Mrs. Alan Sullivan is giving a tea on Washington's birthday, February 22, at her home, 10 Madison avenue.

On Wednesday afternoon, Mrs. Calderwood gave a tea in honor of her guest, Mrs. Stephens, of Collingwood, who returns home early next week. Mrs. Calderwood received in a handsome black and white gown and Mrs. Stephens wore a dark skirt and particularly pretty white blouse with touches of black for trimming. Tea was served from a table centered with daffodils, and a most enjoyable hour was spent, Mrs. Calderwood having the happy faculty of bringing the right people together.

Mr. Adam Creelman and Miss Creelman returned to Montreal on Sunday. While in town, Miss Creelman was the guest of Mrs. Willie Davidson.

Miss Helen Davidson will go to England. Mrs. Bickford will accompany her husband to South Africa, and her little family will remain in Mrs. J. I. Davidson's care until her return.

Mrs. Anderson gave a tea at her home in Rosedale on Wednesday. Mrs. James gave a tea to the lady members of the Church of the Redeemer at the Rectory on Wednesday.

What seemed to be the climax of this year for the Mendelssohn Choir was their rendering of the Elgar setting of Caractacus, and especially their singing of the last number therein. The vast audience shouted with excitement and delight, fairly carried off their balance by the magnificent and sonorous last line. And they forgot to grub around for their rubbers, and wrestle with their wraps and generally act as if they hadn't a minute to lose getting home. And the lady with the little wreath of pink roses didn't know it was over one ear, and the man with the neck cloth got it around his head and held it there while his wife split her gloves applauding and he shouted "encore," looking out from the neck cloth in an indescribably funny way. And then, the Choir and the Orchestra did it again, better than before, and people went out into the air with some big thought stirring their souls, and said to one another that the Choir had beaten themselves, and that they had never heard anything so splendid before. A few of the vast throng on Wednesday (fancy, four thousand seats have been sold out of town this week!) were: Mr. and Mrs. Byron Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Hunter, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Matthews, Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston, Mrs. Melvin-Jones, Mrs. W. R. Riddell, Mr. and Mrs. Murray Alexander, Dr. and Mrs. Crawford Scadding, Mrs. Ham and a box party, Mrs. and Miss Crowther, Hon. Frank Cochrane and Mrs. Cochrane, Mr. Frank Darling, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Cox, Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, Mr. and Mrs. Fahey.

Mrs. W. D. Lummis, of 98 Bedford road, gave a tea on Thursday to introduce her only daughter, Jessie. This event was postponed twice this season, owing to slight but unfortunate illness. Mrs. Lummis received in pale grey satin, and the debutante wore palest green and carried lily of the valley. Mrs. A. B. Gordon, of Sudbury, sister of Mrs. Lummis, assisted, wearing cream broadcloth. The house decorations were crimson roses and violets in the dining-room, daffodils in the pretty octagon shaped drawing-room, and fairy lights and Killarney roses on the stairs. Those assisting in the tea room were Miss Blanche White, Miss Kathleen Jenkins, Miss Hope Wigmore, Miss Edith Ferguson, Miss Olive Anderson (Ottawa), and Miss Mabel McHowell. D'Alesandro's Orchestra played, and afterwards Mr. Lummis entertained a merry party at the Princess, with a jolly supper following.

There are quite a few Canadians over in Paris just now, and to one of them we are indebted for this paragraph: Among the many Canadians at Miss Tripp's tea in Paris, on New Year's Day, I noticed among others, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Blaylock, of Ottawa and Calgary; Miss Madeline O'Brian and Mr. H. F. Gooderham, of Toronto; Mrs. Howitt, with her two daughters, and Mrs. Anderson, of Guelph; Miss Brooks, a cousin of Lady Kirkpatrick; Mr. David Yuile and Miss Gail Yuile, of Montreal; Miss Scott and Miss Chaplin, of St. Catharines. It was almost like being back in Canada, and was a most enjoyable affair.

All her friends were delighted to see Mrs. Herbert Mason, of Ermeleigh, at the Gzowski-Ogilvie wedding on February 5. Mrs. Herbert Mason has had a trying and protracted siege of suffering, consequent upon the unfortunate catastrophe of her apparel catching fire from a grate fire, ever so many weeks ago.

Mrs. J. W. Thompson, 188 Dunn avenue, receives on Friday's instead of Thursdays for the future.

Our debutantes are as bright as they are beautiful. At a dance after a recent wedding, one of them was chatting with a partner when a young man who likes to monoplize her came in, rather evidently having drunk the bride's health very frequently. The partner remarked: "Oh, here's your steady. I'll make myself scarce." "My unsteady, I think you mean," whispered the little dame, with a rueful smile.

The annual meeting of the Victorian Order of Nurses, Toronto, was held in the City Hall yesterday at 4.30, the Governor-General taking the chair.

The dance in aid of the Children's Aid Society was held in Temple ballroom last night, under the distinguished patronage of His Excellency the Governor-General, Countess Grey and His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario. This was the fifth annual dance given for this worthy object, and was under the patronage of Mrs. Oliver, wife of the Mayor, the Ladies Clark, Mulock, Falconbridge, Moss and Whitney and fifteen other well-known gentlewomen of Toronto. Mrs. O. B. Sheppard, as usual, was the chief spirit in securing the success of the affair.

Madame Bivert has a delightful programme out for her "Causerie and Declamation" on February 20, in the recital hall of the Conservatory of Music. Madame Bivert will, by request, repeat that exquisite scene from "Precieuses Ridicules," which was so much enjoyed by her hearers last November, and will in the first hour give selections from French comedy and in the second hour three selections from tragedy.

A meeting was called for yesterday at eleven a.m. in St. James's Schoolhouse in connection with the proposed vaudeville entertainment and dance to be given in aid of the Mission House in Follis avenue on April 13 and 15. Mrs. Campbell Reaves has charge of tickets for both entertainments.

The St. Andrew's Cadet Corps are feeling very proud and happy because Lady Clark has been good enough to promise to receive for them at their dance in College next Friday. The officers of the Corps, one of whom is a relative of Lady Clark, will receive with her. Mrs. D. Bruce Macdonald, though very much better is not yet strong enough to stand the fatigue of being hostess at the dance, and will not return to College until after the event of next Friday. It has been determined to enforce the reasonable rule that tickets must be shown at the door by guests.

Miss Winifred Gray, of Chatham, has been on a most delightful visit to the Misses Russell, of Wellesley crescent, and has been a guest at the foung folks' teas of the past fortnight. She was one of the merry party entertained by Mr. Morse and Mr. McWinaus on Monday afternoon. The Misses Russell gave a house dance for Miss Mabel Russell and Miss Gray last week, at which the fair Chathamite looked well in a sheath gown of pale green satin, with trimmings of gold. Miss Mabel Russell wore white spotted net, trimmed with satin. An orchestra played in the hall and the music room made a fine *salle de danse*. Supper was served from a table decorated with daffodils and lily of the valley, and lit with yellow shaded candles.

Mrs. Cochrane, Maple avenue, chaperoned a merry houseful of young folks last Saturday, whom her daughter, Miss Edith Cochrane, had asked to tea, to meet Miss Hodgson, of Montreal, now visiting her. Miss Cochrane and Miss Hodgson greeted their friends at the entrance to the drawing-room, and Mrs. Cochrane welcomed them cordially in her turn. She wore a rose crepe de chine gown, with white lace, Miss Cochrane a turquoise frock, and Miss Hodgson was in a very smart white dress. The tea table in the dining-room was brightly lit and decorated with flowers, and there was not a dull moment during the little festival. Many of the season's debutantes were there and so many young men that it was easy to see they all knew how kind a welcome Mrs. Cochrane always gives to the friends of her young son. In the evening some of the young folks enjoyed an informal dance.

Mrs. Charles Sampson, of Chicago, arrived in town on Monday and will spend a month with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Davis, in Rusholme road

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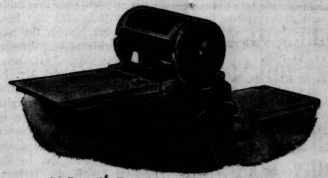

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BOFFKINS AND THE BOERS

The Adventure of a Canadian Newspaperman in South Africa.

By CHARLES LEWIS SHAW

BOFFKINS was a newspaper man. If he had been a journalist he would have divided honors with Lord Roberts and Colonel Otter, in having conquered the Transvaal, and this story never would have been written.

Boffkins was so much a newspaper man that he conscientiously believed he could beat fourteen other war correspondents and the British army—that is if he lost a little sleep in doing it. He couldn't. A considerable number of the nations of Europe have been trying for a few centuries to do that self-same thing, so Boffkins is not to be blamed. Boffkins would be probably guiding the destinies of the British empire in several very respectable newspapers at the present time if he were not under the impression that "stuff" for his paper was more important than the manœuvres of fifteen thousand men in the face of the enemy.

Things would have come out all right, and the conquest of the belligerent states gone on with thoughtful suggestions as to their subsequent settlement vigorously set forth, if Boffkins hadn't struck the mess of the 12th Lancers.

Now, it is all very well to strike the mess of the 12th Lancers when they are stationed at York, or if you meet them on the line of communication in Egypt, but it should be avoided by men like Boffkins, who haven't got beyond the sherry and bitters stage of life, and feel giddy over a morning Collins; for the 12th Lancers had been much abroad, and knew more about the mysteries of the mess table than any other cavalry regiment in Her Majesty's service, and were beyond the sherry and bitters stage—and Boffkins.

He dined with them that night on the Modder river, a few days before Magersfontein and it was just Boffkins's luck that it should have been that particular night that the consignment to the mess from the Cape Town caterer had arrived, and was ample, varied and liquid.

Several years' total abstinence is not a good preparation for a night at the front with the 12th Lancers, after a consignment comes in from their Cape Town caterer. Boffkins found it to his undoing, and when he tenderly threaded his way across the veldt towards his own quarters, he found that not only had he half a dozen packages of cigarettes, a large and plethoric part of the consignment in his pocket and considerable under his belt, but he had ideas.

Those ideas are not good for a newspaper man, with twelve thousand Boers on one side of him and a press censor on the other.

The paramount idea that Boffkins had was that the enemy's position at Magersfontein was to be attacked that morning, and that he hadn't permission to go forward and take part in it with his lead pencil. That shows the newspaper instinct of the man. He was nearly three days ahead of the battle but Boffkins wasn't in the confidence of the commander of the Kimberley relief column, so he walked on and arrived—at a consummation of his ideas.

"He would move on towards the enemy's position and wait for the advancing British."

That 12th Lancers' consignment was potent, but Boffkins, however, didn't propose to take Magersfontein and Cronje single-handed. He would move to within a mile or so of the South African Gibraltar, and wait for daylight and reinforcements.

Boffkins was never much a judge of distances, and he was moving by what he thought were two or three North stars, and a couple of Southern crosses, so he can hardly be blamed for winding up three or four miles to the west of the position he was about to attack, and six or seven in advance of the British lines. The 12th Lancers hadn't provided him with an intelligence corps, with the cigarettes. Boffkins never cared to take too much from any man, unless he was the advance agent of a theatrical company after free ads; then he would take his clothes. But the strong common sense which had procured Boffkins $15 a week on a flourishing Canadian daily, asserted itself. He sat down.

Poets have written reams about looking into the infinity of the night under the silent stars, but in cool, airy Khaki on a cold winter's evening, dreamily wondering when a few thousand men are going to turn up to help you into more comfortable quarters, and the right kind of copy, one's thoughts are unprintable. As Wellington prayed for "Night or Blucher," so did Boffkins for "Morning or Methuen."

Boffkins was a heavy sleeper, but he knew that ten thousand men could not tramp over him without waking him, so, leaving the management of affairs in other hands, he slept.

With his pale, unshaven, Canadian face upturned to the southern moon, the same old moon he had used at home to cut the morning's kindling on his father's farm, while the smile on his lips showed that the last mess joke was being told again—the Boer patrol captured him.

With one hand Boffkins tightened his grip on his haversack, and the half-burned cigarette was replaced between his lips with the other, Boffkins was the creature of habit—especially a bad habit; then he lay on one elbow, and asked the bearded Boer Cornet "What in —— he wanted."

The Field Cornet told him in limpid Dutch. He spoke fluently and distinctly, Boffkins noticed, but Boffkins didn't understand the "Taal."

Boffkins answered him in the various dialects he knew, a mixture of Toronto English, Lower Canadian French, Broad Scotch and Cow-boy slang, but it did not work, and negotiations between the representatives of Great Britain and Ireland, and the two South African Republica were suspended, while the silent stars and five Boers looked wonderingly on.

Then Boffkins routed up another idea. Boffkins had to travel on his ideas, or he would have become rooted somewhere or other. The last one contained one quart of the finest old Glenlivat, for the 12th Lancers' mess committee knew much. It glistened in the moonlight, and the Boers pressed closer around their prisoner. They didn't mean that he should escape. A package of cigarettes produced an exclamation from a young Johannesburg burgher in unadulterated, if not pure English. Then they sat down under a big rock, for they knew that the sentries of the two opposing armies were keeping watch.

It was pleasant to feel that you had about twenty thousand men all around you, taking every precaution to see that your quiet evening should not be interrupted.

In a short time they mounted. Boffkins wasn't anxious to enter the Boer lines that way, but hesitated about being rude to guests who had partaken of his hospitality.

He was placed behind an old Boer Cornet. That is where his Boer friends made a tactical mistake. The Cornet was a very big man, and his horse, a very small Basuto pony, worn out with his master's official duties.

Boffkins soon noticed that the cool morning air and the 12th Lancers' consignment, made the Cornet tired, very tired. He hadn't any advantage over Boffkins. The Field Cornet, the Basuto pony, and Boffkins made up as tired an outfit as ever jogged over the Karoo.

And Methuen was ten miles away.

Boffkins' military instincts told him that unless the British general soon understood his situation and sent five thousand men out to rescue him, or if the 12th Lancers' consignment didn't get its deadly work in on the field cornet, or the pony didn't play out, he was dead sure of a few months' residence in Pretoria with his safety carefully looked after.

Then Boffkins discovered another package of cigarettes. This occasioned a halt, while the field cornet grumbled on. It seemed to be that the more the Glenlivat got in its fine work on the old Boer, the grumpier he grew.

Then Boffkins fell off. Not to be outdone, the field cornet fell off ten minutes afterwards. Then they fell off companionably together Boffkins always contriving to fall on the old Boer.

Boffkins says the idea that the Boers are a religious people, is a mistake, for although he couldn't understand Dutch, the words had that familiar sound that makes the whole world akin.

When Boffkins had fallen on the old Boer for the third time, the last package of cigarettes was finished at the foot of the kopje where the ascent began, and a council of war was held around the field cornet.

He was sitting on the ground, wondering whether his neck or his leg or something or other belonging to him was broken by the last tumble. Day was beginning to dawn and Boffkins looked ruefully over the veldt to the dying watch fires of his friends, and wondered if he had been forgotten. The Boers looked also, and then they looked at Boffkins. Now Boffkins at the best of times is not much to look at, but in a much-slept-in khaki suit, after a ten mile ride, and a night with the 12th Lancers he was a fearsome sight. Then they looked at the broken up field cornet, and then at the emaciated pony, and then they held council with themselves.

They talked earnestly for a few minutes and then asked Boffkins if he had any more 12th Lancers' consignment secreted about his person, than his hiccough denoted.

Boffkins knew it was between the old Boer and himself as to who was to ride that Basuto pony.

If ever Boffkins understood the true wisdom of that temperance lecturer's advice, never even to carry the cursed stuff, he understood now. Simply and sincerely he answered:

"Do you think I am a perambulating distillery?"

And the old Boer broke into what must have been a prayer, for it sounded religious-like. Then the interest of the burghers centred on their prostrate chief. One of the youngest of them came to Boffkins and grinned as he looked over at the British watch fires, then at the streaming glints of the eastern sky, and then at Boffkins, and Boffkins blushed, for he was not looking his best.

"You'll excuse us leaving you. Give my thanks to the 12th Lancers. Goodbye. We may meet again."

And he touched his Mauser significantly, after they had shaken hands.

Boffkins excused him.—From the Winnipeg Telegram.

"Your glasses," she said, "have made a great difference in your appearance." "Do you think so?" he asked. "Yes. You look so intelligent with them on."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"What are you crying about?" "My husband beat me." "Who is he?" "A gypsy fiddler. He beat me with the fiddle bow." "Then you ought to be thankful he doesn't play a bass viol."—Fliegende Blatter.

It is difficult sometimes to keep from believing that old Mr. Fahrenheit made a serious mistake in not locating his zero-mark several notches lower.—Chicago Record-Herald.

"Do you know anything about flirting?" "No," he replied sadly. "I thought I did, but when I tried it the girl married me."—Boston Globe.

"Pa." "Well, what now?" "What's 'atavism?" "Atavism is why a descendant of an old family robs a bank."—Cleveland Leader.

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THIS week we opened the annual sale of Hosiery. We had more underbought stockings to sell than we ever had in the store before one time—36,000 pairs of European Stockings at about half-price.

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Men's Fine Lisle Thread Socks, fancy stripes and silk embroideries. Regular 35c., Hosiery Sale price 19c.

Men's Fine Lisle Thread Hose, very neat silk embroidered fronts. Regular 50c., Hosiery Sale price 35c., 3 for $1.00.

Men's Plain Black Cashmere Socks, nice weight for present wear. Regular 30c., Hosiery Sale price 17c., 3 for 50c.

Men's Plain Black "Llama" Cashmere Socks, "Llama" in red silk letters. Special Hosiery Sale price 25c.

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Wilton Lackaye continues to act in "The Battle" at the Savoy Theatre, New York. Socialism, capital and labor are all touched upon in an interesting manner in this play by Cleveland Moffat.

Ethel—Didn't it seem an age from the time you were engaged till you got married? Maud—Yes, but Jack and I managed to squeeze through it. —The Tatler.

Clara—That man who just passed was an old flame of mine. Kate—Indeed! What happened between you? Clara—Oh, he flared up one day and went out.—Boston Transcript.

WHEN you sit down quietly and figure out the Longboat-Shrubb Marathon you wonder what the public went so crazy about. The way the race was run and the time made show that there are at least half a dozen Marathon runners who would have beaten either the Englishman or the Indian on Friday night. The former couldn't go the distance, and though Longboat was patched up so that he could jog along the full 26 miles, he lacked the ginger and speed he usually shows in his races. But the gate was large, factional feeling ran high, and an excitable press shouts about "the greatest Marathon in history."

It also takes columns to tell of the Indian's wonderful stamina and perseverance and the gameness of the little runner from across the pond. And peeping out from amid the mass of published rubbish are hints of the torture that is part of this travesty on sport called the Marathon. After he passed the fifteen miles, Shrubb began to waver in his stride; a little farther on he was limping. What he suffered between that point and the twenty-fifth mile, when he was carried in an almost dying condition to the hospital, he himself will only know. Next day he looked like a man in consumption, and it is freely predicted that he will never again be as good a man as he was betore he underwent the awful strain.

As a matter of fact the Marathon has produced nothing that will benefit athletics. Starting as an amateur sport it has made professionals of the few and done harm physically to the many. It has stirred up more factional feeling than an international yacht race and furnished a few athletic speculators with some ready money. The first Marathon winner died at the winning post, and pity 'tis that the Marathon promoters could not be persuaded to follow his example.

* * *

IS Canada setting the fashions for the United States in sporting matters? It was a Canadian who imported the Marathon craze from Greece and a Canadian Indian who looked after its development. Lacrosse has found its way into nearly all the American colleges, and in at least one of them—Johns Hopkins—has superseded baseball. And now the people who are behind professional baseball across the line are looking into hockey with a view to providing the sport-loving people of the big American cities with a winter amusement.

President Pullian of the National Baseball League recently spent a few days in Ottawa studying the game and its possibilities, and it is said that ere another winter rolls around a big professional league will be formed to take in New York, Boston, Pittsburg, Cleveland, Chicago and other towns of a like size. Most of these cities already have big rinks fitted with artificial ice plants, and the baseball people have plenty of money to build more. Of course Canada will be called on to provide the players. But that is only fair. If the United States provides Canada with ball players in the summer time, why should not Canada respond with hockey players in the winter?

* * *

THIS is the greatest curling week of the year. The Ontario Tankard finals, which determine the curling championship of Ontario, are being played in Toronto, while Winnipeg is revelling in her big bonspiel which annually brings more than half a thousand brithers o' the besom with their wives and families to the Prairie city. The Winnipeg 'spiel is the greatest annual gathering of curling experts of what must now be acnowledged as the greatest curling country on earth. For was not this great week fittingly opened by the announcement from Scotland that the Canuck touring team had won the three test matches against the Royal Caledonian Club team, and carried off the cup donated by Lord Strathcona, which to the uninitialed must stand for the world's championship trophy?

* * *

THOUGH the Stanley Cup will probably change its summer quarters as a result of last Saturday night's Ottawa-Wanderers' game, in which the cupholders were defeated on their own ice, the present season has not been one of marked progress in professional hockey ranks. The Winnipeg professional league petered out for lack of gate receipts; the Pittsburg season closed early from a similar complaint; and it was necessary to prune off the weak limbs of the Ontario league to retain sap enough in the body to keep it alive until spring.

The trouble appears to be lack of organization among professional clubs and leagues and the bidding up of salaries till they are away out of proportion to the patronage. Edmonton started the ball rolling by trying to buy up enough Eastern material to capture the Stanley Cup. They failed, but the other clubs and leagues contracted the buying habit. The Ontario league used cash to coax players from Pittsburg; the Eastern Canadian league to take away stars from the Ontario league; and a little silver league up in the mining country, which helps out small gates with large wagers, stole players from all of them. It has been a most unsatisfactory season all round. Probably Ottawa and Wanderers of all the professional clubs in Canada will show a profit on the season. And where there are no profits there is little joy in professional hockey.

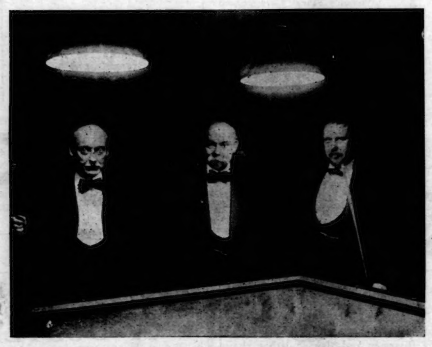
* * *

ON this page is a picture of Slossan, McLoughlin, and Sutton, the billiard experts, taken recently when George Slosson, in a tedious match which extended to fifty-six innings, wrested from George Sutton the 18.1 balkline billiard championship by 500 points to 328, in the concert hall at Madison Square Garden.

Slosson averaged 8 52-56, while the deposed champion averaged 5 48-56. The winner's high runs were 56 and 50, while Sutton's best were 51 and 48.

As is usually the case in matches of this nature, overcautiousness marred that brilliancy which the fairly crowded hall had expected.

Fencing and sparring as if a bold, hazardous stroke meant destruction, the men parried and feinted without practical result until the thirteenth inning, when the irksomeness of it all seemed to weary the veteran of the twain, and, casting caution to the winds, his boldness was rewarded. Thence to the end of the chapter Slosson slipped completely away, while Sutton seemed numbed and inert at the sudden activity of his rival. This is practically the whole story of the match.



GEORGE SLOSSON, EDWARD McLOUGHLIN AND GEORGE SUTTON.
Photograph taken at the recent championship billiard contest in New York.

James—I get a penny every time I take my cod-liver oil. Thomas—What do you do with them? James—Mother puts 'em in a money box till there's enough, and then buys another bottle of cod-liver oil.—The Sketch.

THE blizzard was doing its very worst. All the street-cars were stalled up, and Attlebury was unable to get to town, being completely blockaded in his suburban home by the raging storm. Neither the milkman nor the butcher had been able to get near the house, and altogether the family was about as badly off as they would have been had Lonelihurst been in a state of siege. Nevertheless, Attlebury put a cheerful face on the matter and tried to make himself agreeable around the house, and would have succeeded rather well if it had not been for a great cloud of gloom that seemed to have settled on Mrs. Attlebury. That good lady could do nothing but stand gazing forlornly out of the window at the sleeting storm and the piling drifts of snow. Now and then she would give forth a heartrending sigh, or mutter an ill-suppressed ejaculation of impatience.

"Cheer up, dear," said Attlebury. "I don't mind taking an enforced holiday."

"It's awful," said the good lady.

"There won't be any bargains today," smiled Attlebury, "so you needn't bother about that, and as far as breakfast was concerned, I can get along without milk and cream and an egg for one morning anyhow."

"It isn't that," sighed Mrs. Attlebury. "I don't care any more about the milkman, or the butcher than you do, but I do miss the morning paper."

"You are not expecting any particular news that you can't wait for, are you?" said Attlebury.

"No," said Mrs. Attlebury, "but I don't feel satisfied nowadays until I've read the weather reports. I want to know what kind of a day we are going to have."

A SMALL negro boy was going along the street carrying a turtle by the tail, when a ventriloquist standing near seemed to make it say:

"Where is you-all goin' with me?" The little negro heard the question, and looked around with astonishment, but not being entirely satisfied as to where the voice came from, walked on. Again the ventriloquist said:

"I say, where is you-all takin' me?"

This time the boy was satisfied that the turtle had been gifted with a miraculous power of speech, and instantly dropped it on the sidewalk in consternation, exclaiming:

"I isn't a-takin' you-all nowhar. I has done dropped you!"

DURING an arithmetic lesson in a public school the teacher was endeavoring to make one point clear when she said:

"Now, boys and girls, in order to add, subtract, or multiply, it is necessary that the things must always be of the same denomination. For example, we couldn't take three oranges from four apples, or multiply nine horses by two cows."

Whereupon Sammy Stilson evinced signs of uneasiness. "What is it, Sammy?" asked the teacher.

"Why, ma'am," asked Sammy, as he stood up, "can't you take five quarts of milk from four cows?"

COBALT AND GOWGANDA.

The advantages of travelling via an established route are many. The Grand Trunk Railway System with T. & N. O. Railway's connection is the only route to Cobalt and the proper one to Gowganda.

A glance at the following schedule will convince you that this is the route to take when going to the great silver country, which is attracting the attention of two continents.

Leave Toronto 10.15 p.m., arrive Cobalt 11.19 a.m., arrive Englehart 12.45 p.m., arrive Charlton 2.05 p.m., leave Charlton stage 2.45 p.m., arrive Elk City and Smyth same afternoon; leave Elk City and Smyth 9 a.m. following morning, arrive Gowganda about 3 p.m.; Pullman sleepers through to Englehart. This route gives you an opportunity of stopping off at Cobalt, Haileybury, New Liskeard, or Englehart and looking over this district before proceeding to Gowganda. Recorder's office is situated at Elk City, where full information regarding claims may be obtained. Full information at Grand Trunk city office, northwest corner King and Yonge streets. 'Phone Main 4209.

What is needed is a seismograph that will give timely warning of disturbances in Washington.—Boston Herald.

Tom—"Well, I have not lived in vain. I saw Brown acknowledge today that he had made a mistake."

"Do you think that plug tobacco makes the best pipe smoking, Henry?"

"Well sir, every tobacco has its peculiarities.
One leaf may have a delightful flavor, but burn too freely. Another may hold the fire, but possess little flavor.
Now, Meerschaum Cut plug is made up of a blend consisting of SEVEN kinds of pure leaf—each supplying what the others lack.
Meerschaum certainly is a cool, sweet, satisfying smoke—and that's what most men are looking for."
469

MEERSCHAUM CUT PLUG
SOLD EVERYWHERE

THE TORONTO ELECTRIC LIGHT CO'Y

SIR HENRY M. PELLATT'S ADDRESS

He Assures the Shareholders That They Have Nothing to Fear From the Threatened Competition of a Civic Plant

The annual meeting of the shareholders of the Toronto Electric Light Company was held at noon to-day, the attendance being large. The address of the president, Sir Henry Pellatt, set forth that the year 1908 had been the most favorable in the history of the company.

The annual statement for the year was a very good one. The president, in his address, took occasion to criticize the proposed municipal plant. He said that the basic price for power was illusory and fictitious, and that the consumers would have to pay more for power in Toronto than they were now paying to the Electric Light Company. He spoke with confidence of the future of the company, and said that its earnings would not be diminished by the proposed competition.

DIRECTORS' REPORT

Your Directors beg to submit the following statement of the affairs of the Company for the year ending December 31, 1908:

The income for the year was $1,155,582.61, and the expenses (including interest on Debentures) were $715,711.96, leaving a balance of profit of $439,870.65, out of which have been paid four quarterly dividends at the rate of eight per cent. per annum, amounting to $289,254.26, leaving a balance of $150,616.39 to be carried forward to Profit and Loss, and bringing the amount at the credit of that account up to $160,961.28. Of this amount the sum $150,000.00 has been transferred to the Reserve Account.

The Directors retire in accordance with the by-laws, and are eligible for re-election.

HENRY M. PELLATT,
President.

Statement of Assets and Liabilities.

For the Year Ending December 31st, 1908.

Assets.		Liabilities.	
Plant (including Real Estate)	$5,364,522.26	Capital Stock Issued, $4,000,000; Paid Up	$3,798,100.73
Investments	229,412.06	Debentures Payable	1,000,000.00
General Supplies in stock	138,231.94	Accounts Payable	152,892.33
Accounts Receivable	138,338.66	Bills Payable	218,507.56
Bills Receivable	7,783.58	Mortgages Payable	23,000.00
Unexpired Insurance and Telephone Rentals	8,162.31	Unclaimed Dividends	36.75
Cash on Deposit	145,105.24	Accrued Interest on Debentures	22,500.00
Cash in Office	346.66	Contingent Account	4,803.00
		General Reserve	800,000.00
		Profit and Loss Balance	10,961.28
	$6,031,902.65		$6,031,902.65

Profit and Loss Account.

For the Year Ending December 31st, 1908.

Dr.		Cr.	
Operating Expenses, including Repairs	$ 670,711.96	Balance from Last Statement	$ 10,344.89
Interest on Debentures	45,000.00	Revenue from Lighting, Power, Rents, Sales, etc.	1,155,582.61
Four Quarterly Dividends Paid	289,254.26		
Transferred to Reserve Account	150,000.00		
Balance	10,961.28		
	$1,165,927.50		$1,165,927.50

ELECTION OF DIRECTORS.

The election of directors for the coming year resulted as follows: Sir Henry M. Pellatt, president; W. D. Matthews, vice-president; Messrs. Hugh Blain, S. F. McKinnon, W. R. Brock, Frederic Nicholls Hon. Geo. A. Cox, Samuel Trees, H. P. Dwight, Thomas Walmsley and L. Goldman. The only change on the Board for the coming year is that of Mr. Robert Jaffray retiring, and a successor in the person of Mr. L. Goldman being appointed. The auditors for the coming year will, as in the past, be Mr. Sydney H. Jones and Mr. Ernest S. Ball.

Jim—"How did that happen?" Tom—"He put the lighted end of his cigar in his mouth."—Exchange.

Miss Rinkels—Father always gives me a book on my birthday. Miss Tartley—What a fine library you must have!—Town Topics.

It is impossible to tell where an orderly woman will put things.—March Smart Set.

ON THE TRAIL OF A TALE

J. A. McNEIL

INTERESTING as are the experiences frequently encountered by the newspaper man in a large city, they do not compare for variety and quality with those which he is likely to meet when he is called to leave the beaten path and go into the rural sections of the province. I often recall one twenty-four hour period, spent "far from the madding crowd," which was fairly crowded with incidents, some of them embarrassing enough at the time, but all amusing in retrospect.

A young farm hand had been mysteriously shot dead at a charivari which followed a wedding on the border line between the counties of Perth and Waterloo, and I was commissioned to cover the case for a Toronto newspaper. Those who have lived in the country will not need to be instructed as to the nature of a charivari, or "shivaree," as the colloquial tongue has it but for the enlightenment of all who have never had the inestimable advantage of learning at first hand the delights of living near to Nature's heart with the farmers, it may be explained that charivari is a serenade performed by an orchestra equipped with horse fiddles, guns, old tin pans, and other wooden or metallic instruments capable of producing the most discordant and nerve-wracking sounds. It is a form of bucolic practical joke played frequently upon newly-married couples, and if one of the contracting parties has been a bachelor of long standing, or a recently-bereaved widower, or an unpopular citizen, or an apparently hopeless spinster, it adds zest to the efforts of performers. Naturally enough, the recipients of these delicate nuptial compliments do not always accept them gratefully and occasionally the farce is turned to tragedy by some hotheaded bridegroom who finds his shot gun at hand. In the German communities of Western Ontario, however, the charivari is not unpopular when conducted in the proper spirit, and in the case which I was investigating, the charivari party had asked and received permission to "make a fuss."

The Coroner Had Also Been Sleeping Peacefully.

The only condition made by the hosts was that no guns should be discharged, and this was accepted, but, as it developed later, was disregarded hence the occurrence which turned the merry-making into a scene of consternation and grief. One young man was shot dead by another who "didn't know it was loaded."

So much for the skeleton of the story I was to obtain. My recollections of it are interesting less for the matter of the tale than for the manner in which I gathered up its various threads.

I reached the village of New Hamburg between seven and eight o'clock in the evening. Here I waited only long enough to take a hasty dinner and secure a horse, rig and driver before starting for the farmhouse, ten miles away, where the shooting had occurred. The first incident of note was my discovery of one of the oddest place names in the province, a cross-roads cluster of houses rejoicing in the appellation of Punkydoodle. A few miles farther on my driver took a wrong turning, and it was only after braving a savage watch dog and rousing a sleeping family that I was set upon the right road. Much valuable time had been lost and it was nearing ten o'clock when I reached the farmhouse. After half an hour of question and answer, I set out again to drive eight miles farther to a village which I shall call Tweedledeeville, to distinguish it from Tweedledumville and other settlements in the neighborhood.

It was near midnight when I reached my goal, and began to have visions of an impatient editor watching the wire for the story that was not forth-coming. One of the two hotels was in darkness, but the other was lit up. I soon discovered that the young man in charge was in a similar condition. The proprietor had been away all day at a fair, and in his absence his son had evidently been sampling freely the goods dispensed in the bar. He was at the genial stage, and placed himself completely at my service. The first task was to find the telegraph operator, who was also the station agent. On arousing him from his beauty sleep, he at first flatly refused to dress and reopen the office. I tried cajolery, pleadings and finally threats, and as my faithful ally added his persuasions, the operator at last yielded gracefully. While he was dressing, we sought and found the coroner, who had also been sleeping peacefully. From him I obtained some further light on the shooting, including the fact, which will be news to many persons, that a provincial law gives municipalities the power to prohibit charivaris. My guide returned to the hotel, promising to wait there and give me a room when I arrived, while I went on to the telegraph office and proceeded to write my story, the knight of the key taking it from me page by page as I set down the facts I had gathered. To show the roundabout way that news despatches sometimes travel, I may mention that as I could not get a direct wire to Toronto, my "stuff" was wired first to Buffalo, some 120 miles southeast of the sending point, and then repeated back one hundred miles to Toronto.

It was well after one o'clock when I returned to my hotel. The door was unlocked, but the place was in dense darkness. I discovered a lamp, but could not find any keys to indicate what rooms were vacant. I made a tour of an upper hall, but all the doors were locked, and as I did not wish to be mistaken for a burglar by some nervous guest, I desisted from further quest and went back to the office. There were a number of heavy coats hanging up, and I prepared to make myself as comfortable as possible on one of the benches provided for the display of travellers' samples. Just as I was beginning to feel drowsy, a man entered with a lantern and greeted me with a look of surprise. I explained the state of affairs, and he at once offered me his bed, as he did not intend to occupy it. We ascended to his room only to find it in possession of my obliging friend, the landlord's son. Fully dressed he sprawled on the bed, and his stentorious breathing indicated the depth of his slumbers. I was too tired to be fastidious in my choice of a bed fellow, and, rolling him to the back of the couch, I speedily joined him in slumberland.

I was awakened by a noise in the room, which was now filled with sunshine. With sleepy eyes I descried my friend of the lantern searching the pocket of a waistcoat hanging on the wall. He turned, met my gaze, and holding up a wad of bills, he remarked, "I forgot that $80 was in any vest when I left you fellows here."

After breakfast, I was wandering around the village when I met two reporters representing the evening papers of Stratford, and we went to the livery stable to arrange for vehicles to take us to the inquest. Standing in the stable, I was narrating to my companions my nocturnal experiences, when I heard a chuckle from the liveryman, who was hitching up. I took a closer look at him, but though his face seemed familiar, I could not place him.

"If that mare in there hadn't been sick last night," he said, "I guess you'd have slept on the bench. It was my room you had."

He was one of nature's noblemen, that liveryman. The Stratford reporters were given a common or garden horse and a battered top buggy, but for me he hitched his fast mare to his rubber-tired sulky. As we drove along the country roads, with the Stratford men a mere speck in the rear, we talked on congenial topics, such as the relative advantages of city and village life, and the respective facilities for a "good time" offered to visitors by Toronto and Detroit. We discussed the drama, too, but from opposite view points, his tastes inclining to garish burlesque while mine were for the legitimate. He drove me to the house where the dead boy had been employed, then on to the tiny village where the jury met, back to the house that the jurymen might view the body, and again to the village hall where the witnesses were heard. When the sitting ended, we cut across country to the nearest station on the main line so that I might catch the train for Toronto. I must have been in right with him. We had covered perhaps twenty-five miles in all and from m'dday until sunset the trim little mare and the rakish rubber-tired rig had been mine to command. As we dashed up to the little station with the train's headlight gleaming a mile up the track, I asked him what his bill would be. I spoke with an inward quake, for I had had some experience of city livery bills, and my expense money was running low. He said he "guessed $2 would be about right." If this should meet that liveryman's eye, I want him to know that any time he visits Toronto there's a box waiting for him at the best burlesque show in town.

So by jumps and starts and sacrifices and emotions, it has grown—this breaking of bread. How few realize it—how few understand it! Ah, well, the best was ever for the few.

But nowadays, the custom has become a formula. We no longer start up at a knock at the door, and light a fire and offer a meagre thrift to the wayfarer. It grew from the habit of having a bounteous supply in case anyone should come, to asking them to come at certain times. The formula has become ponderous and didactic. Why one should eat oysters before *bouillon* remains to be shown. The open art of giving gladly what one has has become the secret cleverness of getting what one wants to have. We make it a mere perfunctory but unavoidable way of proffering hospitality to those who are not hungry.

We want to show Jones a courtesy; we want to conciliate Smith; we must be nice to Perkins. What do we do? We invite them to come and eat. Somehow the figure of the dusty wayfarer, uninvited, regally welcomed, gladly served, will intrude itself among the flitting, satisfied throng, and his wondering eyes ask a question that we do not answer. And he fades away into oblivion.

But the question on the lips—or in the minds—of the gourmets present at this brilliant assemblage is: "What are we going to get to eat?"

No, it isn't pretty, and it may not seem true. But as they sit at table, consciously or unconsciously they ask it. The eternal oysters, or the everlasting caviar—or both! The inevitable *bouillon*, the unavoidable *filet* of sole, the undying sweetbread with peas, the remorseless *noisette d'agneau*—so it goes.—Beatrix Demarest Lloyd, in March Smart Set.

Messrs. C. M. Henderson & Co. will have on view at their warerooms the valuable paintings and water colors, the collection of Mr. John Payne, Tuesday, Feb 16. As will be seen by catalogue, which may be had on application, quite a few of the pictures were painted by members of the Royal Academy, Royal Institute, Royal Water-Color Society, and other English Societies. Sale takes place Thursday, 18th Feb., at 2.30, at Art Gallery, 87 and 89 King St. East.

The soil of Ceylon is of volcanic origin, containing phosphorus and minerals in a large degree. This imparts to "Salada" (the well-known packet Ceylon tea), a delicacy and fragrance that is incomparable.

The Honorary Governors who will visit Toronto General Hospital during the coming week are Mr. M. J. Haney and Mr. E. O'Keefe.

Fry's MILK Chocolate
PUREST
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CHEAPEST
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The Passing of a Song.

THE New York Sun remarks editorially:

It seems a fit time to take notice of a significant yet unregarded happening in the field of art—the passing of the song "Everybody Works But Father." Most music hall songs are an unconscionable time a-dying. As New York wearies of them they are just beginning to receive consideration in Chicago and Seattle; months later they die in the rich sky that overarches the rural districts. But the song under consideration, having passed beyond the three sophisticated centres just named, went out like a candle in a tempest and lo! it was not. An inquiry for the reason is a profitable essay in criticism.

Popular songs, no matter how homely the words or how bizarre the incidents selected for treatment, usually follow the classical models in their choice of themes. "Little Annie Rooney," a ditty which some of us are old enough to recall, is founded upon a phase of that love which produced "Maud," "La Vita Nuova" and "Annabel Lee." "McGinty" is worthy of even closer scrutiny, shot through with the mystery of the mighty deep:

"Down went McGinty to the bottom
of the sea;
We haven't seen him yet, and we
think he must be wet."

How poignantly suggestive, how restrained! It is like the close of the German legend: "And since that day the Tannhauser has been seen no more by the dwellers near the Venumsberg." But greater perhaps even than this is that matchless lyric "The Cat Came Back." That Fate which overshadows Greek tragedy works here; here cling the bells of the Polish Jew; here sits the Ghost of Banquo at the board of the guilty Thane of Cawdor:

"The cat came back; we thought it
was a gonner,
But the cat came back the very next
day."

But we make bold to declare that "Everybody Works But Father" is not art. There is nothing in a sordid and shiftless old man that could ever inspire a line of real poetry in the looker-on. The man who having such a parent could sing about him has no music in his soul. He is not worthy to share the raptures of Annie Rooney's Joe, to go down with McGinty in the sudden rashness of heroic resolve, even to have his unworthy legs rubbed by the faithful cat who through so many vicissitudes returned ever and anon to the scene of her former adventures with undiminished interest in that which a day might bring forth. An unworthy lyric has found a just oblivion.

Fools rush in where angels fear to wed.—March Smart Set.

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

JOSEPH T. CLARK, Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT, LIMITED, Proprietors.

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One Year	$2.00
Six Months	1.00
Three Months	.50

Postage to American, European and other foreign countries $1.00 per year extra.

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Vol. 22. TORONTO, CANADA, FEBRUARY 13, 1909. No. 18

POINTS ABOUT PEOPLE

"The Sting is in The Tail."

MR. DAVID BOYLE, curator of the Provincial Museum, has great respect for the good qualities of all human beings, but has also great contempt for small, mean ways.

He received recently from a man in Omaha a letter commencing: "I am a Canadian, and if I can do a good turn for Ontario I want to do it."

The writer then went on to state that he had part of a specimen of a plesiosaurus, which is a large, extinct marine reptile. It had been found in the bad lands of South Dakota and had been pronounced by an authority to be a good specimen.

"As far as I know the specimen is in very good condition," said the writer of the letter.

"But the sting is in the tail—of the letter," said Mr. Boyle, in telling of receiving the epistle. "The writer ends with: 'What is it worth?'"

Guessing His Nationality.

A FEW years ago when immigration into Canada was not so large as at present, it was possible for the expert in dialect, with a good ear, to classify new arrivals from the Old Country by districts, and even by counties, as readily as coast skippers of old reckoned their position in thick weather by the sort of bottom the lead brought up. Now, however, the influx is so great that every county in the British Isles, small and large, is represented, and the number of "bloomin' cosmoplots" complicates the problem. If a man's speech indicates which of the four kingdoms he comes from, that is all that can be expected.

In St. John, N.B., there is a young fellow named Smith, whose brogue is so rich and so complex that no two persons hearing him speak can agree as to his origin. Curiosity overcame politeness among a group of his friends on a recent occasion, and one of them inquired which county of Scotland was honored in being his birthplace.

"Stawfordshire," Smith gravely replied.

The Englishmen in the party triumphed temporarily, and the Irishman confessed defeat. But the Scotchman, by some odd chance, saw the joke, and pursuing the subject of the inquiry, said:

"I know you're East of Scotland, I'm not sure whether it's Edinburgh or Aberdeen."

"D'ye know the Tay Bridge—about five miles from Dundee?" said Smith.

"Know it well, I thought you—"

"I was there airly one morning," continued Smith, ignoring the interruption.

The Irishman revived, the Scotchman collapsed, and the Englishman looked puzzled.

"You're all right, and all wrong in your guesses," said Smith. "Aw was borrn in Canada, educated in England, lived two years in Scotland and spent six years in South Africa with Irish regiments. And all these associations have given such a roll to my tongue that I don't wonder people ask questions."

"Anyhow," said the Scotchman, "you drink Scotch whisky."

"Yes," said Smith, "I do, but I prefer Irish if ye have any."

Canada and the Railroads.

CY WARMAN lectured before the Canadian Club at New York and Cornell University this week and here are some of his pointed remarks:

"It was not the climate of Canada but the dread of it that kept people away. The climate of Canada produces strong men and women, big babies, high jumpers and hard wheat.

"When the railway has done for the Dominion what it has done in the past half-hundred years for the American West, Canada will become, not only the granary of Great Britain, but the bread-basket of the world.

"The only way to come to an intelligent appreciation of Canada is to forget all you ever heard about it up to ten years ago, and a great deal that you have heard since that time.

"The West has made good.

"Westward the empty box car takes its flight, and it comes back loaded every trip.

"It was the enterprise and enthusiasm—the Spirit of the West—that drove the Canadian Pacific through the scattered settlements of the East and on through 2,000 miles of wilderness to the Pacific, across two ranges of mountains that gave to the world the 'Canadian Alps,' that cradled Vancouver and brought it up to be called the 'Frisco of Canada'—'Queen of the Coast.'

"It was a Western Canadian who first preached the gospel of the Canadian West, who declared it the biggest and best West ever warmed by the sun.

"He made men understand that this was not only a glorious West, but the Last West, and in a single decade he increased the number of immigrants from the United States alone from 2,412 to 58,312 annually.

"It appeals to the patriotism of Canadians, this All-Red Route, called the Grand Trunk Pacific.

"The builders of such a line are building for Canada and for the Empire.

"It will clear, open, strengthen, make broader and better the way between Eastern and Western Canada.

"It will thread every province, string them like jewels on a strand of steel, forging a new link in the chain of gold that binds the scattered countries and colonies that make up the 'Greatest Empire that has been.'

"It will, when completed, lie like a tight-rope across the continent.

"Nearing Prince Rupert—as the train sweeps along the shaded shore of the land-locked harbor, the tourist's quickened gaze will pick up the wide road to the open sea, the broken, sea-washed, snow-capped ranges and the far green islands that dot the deep."

Lese Majeste at Board of Control.

AT a recent meeting of the Board of Control of Toronto one of the reporters tripped into a little situation which, in a less democratic country, might have cost him a hand or foot—if not a head.

While several representatives of the city's unemployed were appearing before the Board with a view to getting work, the reporter in question had to leave the meeting for a while. He returned only after the Controllers' meeting was over; and, when a hasty glance had convinced him that the Mayor and four Controllers had gone, he said to the other reporters:

"What did they do for the unemployed? Gave them the same old hot air, I suppose?"

The other reporters didn't answer, and the one who had asked the questions looked up to find himself being mildly gazed at by Controller Geary, who had had his head down while writing a letter, and, therefore, had not been noticed.

Explanations followed and there was much merriment at the expense of the slightly flustered reporter.

Theatrical Judgment.

MR. CHARLES RANN KENNEDY, the author of "The Servant in the House," justly prides himself on having written the only modern "morality" play or allegory which has achieved any measure of success, and he would have been pained to hear the conversation of a group of smart people as they were waiting for their carriages in front of the Princess Theatre.

"I was bored to death," said one marcelled lady to her companions. "You know I thought it was a comedy—something bright like 'Fluffy Ruffles.'"

"Oh! I didn't think it was like that," said another lady. "I thought it was something like the things Anna Held plays—'The French Maid,' or something like that. You know I love comic servants on the stage. It was a beastly bore, but I was ashamed to get up and go out."

Professional Presentation-makers.

A WELL-KNOWN French-Canadian journalist is the authority for the statement that there are men in Montreal who make a living as professional makers of presentations. The methods of such an individual are somewhat as follows, so the story goes: Upon an appropriate occasion, as for example, when A is about to be married, the promoter goes to B and says that the boys are about to make a presentation to A. B thinks something should be done and puts up $5. Then the promoter goes to C, D, E, and the rest of A's friends and acquaintances and gathers in whatever he can. The idea is evolved meanwhile that the present is to be, say, a silver tea set to cost $125. Usually the promoter's accounts are not audited and he endeavors to collect more than $125.

When he has worked A's friends dry he proceeds to make his master touch. He goes to A and tells him that the boys are about to make him a present, but this difficulty has arisen. The committee has been able to collect but $100, and the article upon which they have set their hearts as a suitable one is a silver tea set costing $125. Failing to get this they will have to fall back on some much cheaper object or possibly the effort will go to pieces altogether. But the promoter has had a happy thought. He has been entrusted with getting in certain of the subscriptions. If A will just tip him the $25 he will turn it in with his subscriptions and no one will be the wiser.

In nine cases out of ten A submits to being held up. Then the promoter holds up the merchant who sells the article for a commission, or deliberately buys a cheaper one if he thinks it safe. The presentation is duly made. The promoter is a big toad in the puddle and makes acquaintances and gathers information for further graft. The difference between what he collects and what he spends is what he lives on. Even if his accounts are audited, which is, of course, a breach of all etiquette on such gladsome occasion, he is reasonably certain of being able to touch A for $25, and whatever happens A will, of course, be the last man to open his mouth. It is possible that Montreal is not the only city in Canada where the game is worked.

Sporting Language.

PROBABLY the most interesting thing about those who are devotees of "sports" is the delight they take in debauching or revivifying the English language—the point of view of the reader will determine which of these terms is the more just.

A sporting editor who passed reports of baseball or hockey matches written in plain English would receive two weeks' notice from the news editor of any well conducted modern journal. It is true that one Toronto evening paper once tried the experiment of reporting events of the turf, track, and ring in chaste phrases and *vox populi* muttered "Rotten." Those who read the sporting pages look for a little intelligent refreshment in the way of language and are devotees of progressive slang. Let one give an instance of what is meant by progressive slang.

There is a city, as we all know, called Buffalo. Why it was named so, nobody knows because the beast known as the buffalo never was within five hundred miles of the spot save in a menagerie or a wild west show. In course of time Buffalo attained the rank of possessing a franchise in the Eastern Baseball League, and the sporting writers discovered that Buffalo was not scientifically accurate in describing the animal that it was named after. Therefore, the baseball team became known to all orthodox sporting writers as "The Bisons." But this term became hackneyed though effective in newspaper headings, and last summer one Toronto sporting writer developed a new word. In all his reports the Buffalo team was known as "The Herd." That was progressive slang.

The custom is common to the whole sporting community. For instance, this is a veracious report of a conversation overheard on King street a short time before the start of the recent Shrubb-Longboat Marathon race. A pair of "sports" met a group that looked likely to them.

"Say," said one, "is there any Scrubb money in this bunch? I'm lookin' for it. I'm bettin' on The Boat."

"Naw," was the reply of one of those addressed, "we're on The Red, too!"

It is comparatively easy to surmise who was meant by Scrubb, but it requires a knowledge of progressive slang to quickly identify Longboat, the Indian racer, as either "The Boat" or "The Red."

Not That Kind of an Indian.

AN amusing illustration of the way some of the New York papers sacrifice everything to the telling of a good story, was afforded by the Longboat-Shrubb race. One of these journals in describing the race said that at one stage the Indian was pretty well tired out and needed to be cheered up, so Tom Flanagan brought Longboat's Indian bride down to the side of the track where her husband could see her.

The paper went on to say: "The Indian could not understand a word of English, nor could he understand signs made to him by his trainers, but the smiles of his wife and her cheering words woke him into new life."

This would have been true of Longboat's great-grandfather, but, of course, he talks English and little else, while his bride was a school-teacher before her marriage a few months ago.

Won Baby by a Bet.

IT is some time since the Burns-Johnson fight, but a good story connected with the betting on it has drifted in from Woodstock, Ont. Woodstock, it may be mentioned, is one of the many Western Ontario points which claimed to be the home of Burns when he was unknown to world fame and known as Noah Brusso. Since the colored man "put it over" Burns there has not been such a rush to claim the white boy as a citizen, but that's another story.

At any rate in a store in Woodstock before the big fight a German clerk put his baby and baby carriage up as a bet with an unmarried man. The German bet on Burns, and of course lost. Then the unmarried winner told of his luck, and the last heard from him was that he was going down some night to get the baby.

"I had an offer of $15 for it," he said, "and if it wasn't a Dutch baby I could get $25."

Our Imperial Relations.

THE Canadian Gazette is prompted by the approaching change in Canadian Governors to say:

Lord Grey's term of office as Governor-General closes this year, and it is in no conventional sense that Canadians will bid him and Lady Grey farewell. They have done excellent service, and every Canadian knows them as staunch friends of his country. Among those whose names are mentioned as possible successors are Lord and Lady Northcote. All the world saw at the Royal Colonial Institute banquet last week how well Lord and Lady Northcote did in Australia. Indeed, the Institute gathering was a remarkable Imperial tribute to their governmental and social success in both India and Australia. Lord Mountstephen seldom makes an appearance at public functions, but he was one of the most interested participators in this Royal Colonial Institute function, and it was with peculiar satisfaction that he received Lord Rosebery's cordial congratulations at the close of Lord Northcote's speech. Lord Crewe, the present Colonial Secretary, was in the chair, and it was an interesting illustration of the amenities of British political life that his predecessor at the Colonial Office, Mr. Lyttelton, should also be present. Both bore witness to the success with which Lord and Lady Northcote by their tact, kindliness, and generosity carried out the wishes of the Unionist Government which appointed them and of the Liberal Government under whom they subsequently served. Lord Strathcona was also present, and so was Lord Milner; in fact, the gathering was as representative of all shades of British opinion as could well be conceived.

In his quiet, statesmanlike speech Lord Northcote took care to make it clearly understood that Australia was unalterably protectionist in its intention to upbuild Australian manufacturers, though, like Canada, she has also shown her preferential desires and Imperial ideas in trade. Another point which may have interesting consequences was his appeal to the Colonial Office to consider the question of an interchange of officials between Downing Street and the various Dominion capitals overseas, so that members of the permanent British staff may acquire a more intimate knowledge of the circumstances and conditions of overseas dominions with whose business they have to deal, and vice versa. Lord Crewe promised to give immediate attention to the subject, seemingly forgetful of the fact that it is one of the proposals made at the Imperial Conference of 1897. The Daily Chronicle asks what the Imperial secretariate has been doing to allow this proposal of 1907 to lie dormant; the secretariate was called into existence in order to work out the suggestions made at the Conference, but it must not be assumed that this suggestion has not already engaged attention.

Automobile building was more or less of an experiment up to a short time ago. But now it is an exact science. When the modern car is turned out of the shop the makers know that it will run, and run well. Close watching of the performances of the earlier machines has pointed out the defects of construction. These have mostly been remedied. Shops are better equipped now. Cylinders, crank-shafts, axles, gears, and the like are made in great quantities by special machinery. The cost of labor and materials has been much reduced by system, until now it is possible to turn out a much better machine than formerly and charge about half the original price for it. Truly good touring cars are offered for as little as $1,000. Runabouts that will give ten times the service of any horse and buggy bring $500. The higher-priced cars give the buyer a better finish and higher power, but the cheaper automobile is a very satisfactory car in most cases and has the support of thousands of users in moderate circumstances. And this is only the beginning. The years will see a yet more pronounced drop in prices, while quality is maintaind.

Mr. Harry Furniss tells a good story in The Strand Magazine of one of his imaginary pictures. He had to draw the finish of the Oxford and Cambridge boat race for a well-known illustrated weekly. Mr. Furniss writes: I had a sketch of the background; as for the rest—well, there had to be a man in the boat firing the gun, and, to balance the design, I gave him as companions in the boat a gentleman and a lady. Naturally the lady was nervous of the gun being fired, and, of course her companion supported her round the waist. The sequel was a furious letter from a stranger to reprimand me for my gross impertinence in portraying him in such a position. The writer's wife knew he was in the boat with the man who invited him, and who had fired the gun, but when the scene appeared in print he had to own up that there was a lady in the affair as well, and now his domestic happiness had been destroyed. The picture had been engraved before the event.

The late Premier Greenway was, in his early days, a Methodist local preacher, and he had therefore a good working knowledge of Scripture which he used on the platform with effect. Mr. Roblin coming from Ontario's Puritan country of Bay Quinte also had Scripture drilled into him. One day while he was leading the Opposition in the Manitoba Legislature he caused no little wonderment and surprise by describing one of his opponents as an Ehud. This wonderment was changed into anger when someone getting a concordance in the library discovered that Ehud was the character who, under the guise of friendship, took the King of Moab aside privately, and then stabbed him under the fifth rib.

Professor Robert W. Wood, of the Johns Hopkins University, has perfected an invention that may revolutionize the present costly and cumbersome methods of studying the stars and exploring the universe for new planets, suns, moons and asteroids. In his new telescope there is no glass. The reflecting mirror is a bowl-shaped dish of mercury, revolved at a high speed and presenting a polished, even, concave surface that magnifies the images of objects above it in a wonderful manner.

Rhodes still survives, a mediæval city in all its defensive war-gear of tower and curtain and keep. It is the city which the Knights of St. John erected in the midst of the Byzantines, after they had been driven out of Jerusalem in the early fourteenth century. Probably few travellers realize how well preserved the tremendous fortifications and dwellings are.

THE ORIGINAL "MERRY WIDOW" HATS.

These are the hats worn in the last act of "The Merry Widow," which is to be seen at the Princess Theatre next week. The "Merry Widow" hat fad was the result of a carefully planned campaign of publicity by the indefatigable press agent. Shortly after the opening of the engagement of "The Merry Widow," at the New Amsterdam Theatre in New York, during the fall of 1907, the proprietor of a small, but smart Fifth avenue millinery store, noting that the prevailing styles demanded large hats and remembering that large hats were worn in the opera, placed three extra large "creations" in his show window and labelled them "The Merry Widow Hat." The next day was Sunday and the enterprising press agent chanced to cast his eye upon the hats and upon the accompanying sign while taking an afternoon stroll. That gave him an idea. He first interested the general managers of a number of the big department stores and succeeded in getting them to make window displays of large hats bearing the words "The Merry Widow Hat." This started everyone talking.

A REMARKABLE CLUB FOR BOYS

The Broadview Boys' Institute, a Novel and Interesting Organization run by the Boy Members—Nothing quite like it anywhere else. ∴ ∴

A NATION of boys—a commonwealth of young chaps that has assumed one after another, many of the functions of a grown-up nation—exists here in the city. It is called the Broadview Boys' Institute, and it is run "of boys, for boys, by boys—learning to do by doing."

This commonwealth has its own government, with ministers of Agriculture, Education, Athletics and of Camp, and a Royal Commission was appointed to devise the seal used as its official stamp.

A bunch of boys having the maximum of fun in being earnest, pretty well describes the situation. A nation in miniature, as Superintendent J. C. Atkinson calls it.

From a handful of boys forming a Boys' Brigade in a Congregational church fourteen years ago, this movement has swelled until now there are five hundred young fellows on the books of the Institute. Probably, if there was one in each of the four corners of the city it would be filled to capacity, as is the Broadview place.

BROADVIEW BOYS' MINIATURE TOWNSHIP.
It is divided off into farms and each boy owns his own crop. There is a Township Council, by-laws are passed and officials appointed to enforce them. The main building is seen in the left of the picture.

The aim of the Institute is to allow a boy to teach himself the use of tools, to find his hands, to draw, to paint, to cook, to farm, to typewrite, to sing, to play, to speak, and to manage—anything, from a refractory garden plot to the portfolio of finance. The commonwealth has its own bank, where deposits of two cents and upwards are received. The manager is Harold Steel, 15 years of age. The teller is John Chisholm, 16 years of age, and both of them are under bonds.

Any boy can join, provided he is from 12 to 17 years of age, and the annual fee is small compared to the benefits spread out for him to partake of. The Institute is not a charity. It does its best to be self-supporting, but of course it isn't; no scheme of such comprehensive scope exacting such meagre tolls from its members, could hope to pay its own way. The sinews of war come from the great public. Noel Marshall sees to that. Noel Marshall is the man who, when the whole scheme recently was threatened with financial annihilation, started out to collect some $4,000 to keep it going. He could not corral the amount, so he dipped into his own resources and provided the money—just in time to save the Institute.

Of course the place is mortgaged. The mortgage covers the 5 1-4 acres and the solidly built twenty-two-roomed house owned by the commonwealth. It is situated up on Broadview avenue, near First avenue, and while it cost $20,000 to purchase some years since, $40,000 is now offered for the land and house.

There was a day when the ultimatum was given by the holders of the mortgage on the property, that unless back interest was paid, the place would be sold. The little nation was deeply agitated. The Minister of Finance was depressed by the crisis. The case was laid before Mr. Noel Marshall, who, calling on the holders of the mortgage, prevailed on them to give him six months' time in which to turn around. The sum needed was $4,000, and when the day came Mr. Marshall was there with the goods, but it is said that he had to go deep in his own jeans. However, when spoken to about the financing of the Institute, he said that he found that scarcely a leading business man in town who knew the work of the Boys' Institute, but was glad to bear a hand in pushing it along.

ONE OF THE MANUAL TRAINING ROOMS.
Here a twenty-bench plant is in operation, and instruction is given by Lloyd teachers and practical mechanics.

"Mr. Marshall, J. M. Godfrey and some others, have," said Superintendent Atkinson to a representative of Saturday Night, "by their constant and unwearied efforts, and by personal self-sacrifice not seen every day, made it possible for us to keep on with our plan."

There are stories galore of how large-hearted men of means have given instant response to requests for aid for the boys. The project now is to form a board of business men to act as trustees for the Institute, and to have a voice in framing its policy, and in its management.

* * *

It is difficult, in the scope of a short reference like this, to even attempt to point out the many features that comprise the Institute.

Fourteen hundred boys have passed through the Institute since its formation. The nominal head of the place is the superintendent, Mr. Atkinson, who gives his time and energy gratis. There is a staff of twenty-two teachers, only two of whom receive any salary, and the city has exempted the project from taxes. But those who have become interested in the enterprise give the chief credit for the excellent work done to the unselfish devotion of Mr. Atkinson.

The parliament is composed of thirty-six members, four from each province. The "provinces" are those of agriculture, education, athletics and camp. The elections are held twice a year, and at present the Sutherland party is in power. The last election was so much like the real political thing, that the superintendent feared something would break. Voting is done by ballots, the slips being deposited in real ballot boxes that the superintendent begged from somewhere. Each province returns seven members, with four from the camp—which means summer camp. This parliament makes laws, which must be observed, and it holds debates. Fancy boys of twelve, thirteen and fourteen years of age being saddled with a policy and being expected to get up and proclaim it; to dig up information, to be accurate in statements, and to think as seriously of their local problems as a big statesman does of his own national issue. The boys get up and make speeches that are ludicrous at first, in many instances. But it is not long before they forget themselves in their subjects, and the result is, so the superintendent says, youthful debating of a high order.

* * *

Every year the Institute holds a Fall Fair. The Institute Band provides music. The class in clay modelling turns out its product for the fair. The twenty-bench manual training plant displays its prowess in wood. Writing, carving, cooking, music, lettering—and every other department in vogue at the school is represented with exhibits at this fair, and here is where the boy farmer shines.

The Broadview Miniature Township is divided into "Large farms," ten by forty feet; "Small Farms," ten by twenty feet, and "Flower Plots," ten by eight feet.

Almost in the heart of the city, these chaps study agriculture by running their own little farms. The Dominion Department of Agriculture has provided a wall cabinet of standard farm and garden seeds, and local seed men send in contributions occasionally to keep the farms supplied. Each farmer has to do a certain amount of work as rental, and what he grows is his own. The miniature township nominates and elects a Reeve and five Councillors. This Council appoints a weed inspector, constable, makes and enforces rules and regulations, imposes statute labor, collects fines and cancels leases.

The Institute has a weekly paper, typewritten and an occasional publication, printed by its own students who have learned to set type.

WHERE THE BOYS LEARN TO COOK.
A wide range of plain cooking is taught on scientific principles and many of the boys take it up with interest.

ONE OF THE RECREATION ROOMS.
There is music and singing here and games are played. Other rooms have been utilized for these purposes of late.

Cuba Libre.

THE Argonaut, of San Francisco, a paper of careful speech and Republican tendencies, has this to say about Cuba's independence from the American standpoint:

It is customary for the departing pilot to tender his best wishes for the success of the voyage, and it is in no conventional sense that America bestows her benedictions upon Cuba, now that the helm is once more in native hands. The new President combines good intentions with a masterful disposition. He is said to be suave and diplomatic. He has a fair start in smooth water. It is quite possible that Cuba has learned a lesson in self-government that very few Latin-American races have been able to acquire, the lesson of the ballot-box and of submission to election returns. It would be ungracious to say that we have our doubts, but the fact that a sharp dispute has already broken out over the secret service police reminds us that the Ethiopian does not change his skin, at least not at once. But then, after all, we have our own little difficulties with the secret police and we must not be hypercritical. It is a delicate subject just now.

At the present time the Liberals are in power in the Cuban Government, and by a very considerable majority. They have acquired the theory, possibly by contagion, that the ranks of the office-holders should be filled entirely by the members of the dominant party, and the seeds of a very pretty quarrel upon that point have already been planted. General Gomez, on the other hand, has shown his sagacity by insisting upon minority representation. Conservative office-holders to the extent of thirty per cent. are to remain unmolested, and we may hope that this will prevent some of the discontent of utter exclusion that has always been such a fatal trouble breeder in Cuba and in other Latin-American countries. Minority representation may well prove a rock of salvation to Cuba, but the rock will be fiercely assailed, and only an exceptionally strong hand can defend it successfully. If Cuba wishes to prove her civilization she must resolve to regard the verdict of the ballot-box as final and absolute, and not merely as a convenient means to determine which party shall rebel. That she means to be politically sane there can be no doubt, but she would do well to remember that the spirit may be willing and the flesh weak. She would do well also to remember the words of Colonel Henry Watterson, who is now in Cuba, that this is the "last call for supper in the dining-car."

There is nearly universal good-will toward Cuba throughout America, and a general hope that she will be inconspicuous. At the same time we may as well remember that there is a disposition in certain interested quarters to magnify her domestic misfortune and to exaggerate every transient disturbance into a need for further intervention. We already see that tendency in the needless prominence given to the quarrel over the secret service police between President Gomez and Vice-President Zayas. The inference intended by the sensational dispatch is that self-government in Cuba is, of course, foredoomed to failure and that here already we have justification for our pessimism. The quarrel is unfortunate and may even be indicative of serious danger, but those who would profit by further intervention will inevitably exaggerate all such disagreements, and it will be well to discount heavily the inspired forebodings that will certainly find a place in reports from Cuba. It was confidently predicted that a return of the Liberals to power would mean civil war. The Liberals have been returned to power, but General Gomez has pledged himself to prevent a misuse of authority, and there is no reason to believe that he will lack determination or strength. But even if the new machinery of Cuban government should work a little stiffly at first, there will be no reason for discouragement. Time and experience will be its lubricants. Further intervention in Cuban affairs is not to the interest of the American people.

DONALD ROBERTSON,
Actor and author, who is looked upon by discriminating people as one of the outstanding figures on the stage. Early next season Mr. Robertson, with a carefully selected company, will tour Canada from coast to coast, under the management of Mr. Irving Beers.

Another Weapon Against Tubercolosis.

ANOTHER great victory is reported to have been won in the universal war against tuberculosis by a discovery of a new method of attack whereby the tuberculosis bacillus may be destroyed when it first makes its appearance in the blood of the infected person and before it has commenced its ravages upon the tissues of the lungs. Dr. Randle C. Rosenbergh, a noted biologist, who holds the chair of bacteriology at the Jefferson Medical College, has the honor of making this new discovery, but he has made no formal announcement or explanation of his theory and has merely confirmed some of its essential features when interrogated on the subject. The reason for this seeming reticence in discussing details is due to the doctor's high regard for medical conventionalities, which require that no authoritative statements or interviews be given to the press before an exhaustive treatise has been published in a medical journal, and such an article is shortly to appear.

The proposed method for treating or rendering immune persons threatened with consumption (notes Harper's Weekly) is not entirely theoretical, for one hundred and fifty cases have been experimented upon and in not a single instance has a failure been recorded. The finding of the tuberculosis bacillus by Doctor Koch has made it possible to use that knowledge in developing Doctor Rosenbergh's new treatment, for the latter has learned that the germ invariably is found in the blood long before the lungs or glands are attacked. The length of time that the bacilli circulate in the blood before settling in a particular place which can offer little resistance depends upon the susceptibility of the victim to contract the disease, and in this preliminary stage the germs are easily eradicated. Their presence may be ascertained by a simple test, still held secret at the time of writing, and they readily yield to slight medicinal and fresh-air treatment.

It is reported that experiments with an antitoxin or virus, whose injection shall render the human organism immune to tuberculosis, are nearing perfection and may eventually lead to the extermination of the great white plague. The treatment discovered by Doctor Rosenbergh is remarkable for its entire simplicity and should be available to every physician, no matter how deficient his laboratory may be.

A Portrait.

WAS this once you, sad cynic of the masquerading world?
This face, untouched by any violet light
Of dull or sharpened pain—
These eyes, gray firmaments alive with half-waked dawn,
As if a sudden rain
Had swept athwart them ere the light was wholly born;
These lips, just faintly curved, as if some song
Of joy and dream were prisoned there
Unwilling to be free. Like silk of corn
The vagrant curling of your baby hair
Lies soft about your face and crowns your head
With misty radiance—damp, exquisite little curls
Like golden tendrils of some vague, enchanted vine.

Eyes and lips and hair all soft and sweet—
Beloved and beloving of caress
And tenderness, and all that goes to make
Your baby heart the fine, brave thing it is
Of gold and dreams!
Was this once you, sad cynic of the masquerading world?

Helen Dudley, in March Smart Set.

Wealth and the University.

THE 'Varsity in its latest issue has this to say on a timely topic: The revenue which the University of Toronto receives from succession duties is yearly increasing. In 1906-1907 it was only $253,258. One year later it was $357,000. The record sum of $1,153.740 paid in succession duties in 1908 brings the University's share near the half-million mark. Provided the present rate of increase continues for six years, 'Varsity's yearly revenue from this source alone will in 1915 be $1.000.000.

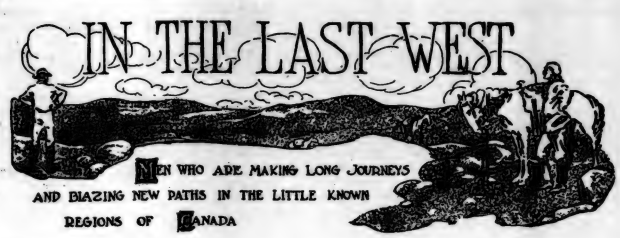
With this prospect in view, the future for the University of Toronto is surely a bright one. Already, however, we hear murmurs from the pessimistic few that great wealth in any seat of learning means death to those homely virtues for which in the past the University of Toronto has been famous. These pessimists point to the present student democracy as the result of moderate wealth. They fear to see it vanish before the broadened stream of a yearly increasing revenue; and as an awful warning they point to many of the larger American universities with their aristocracies of wealth, their social castes and their snobbishness.

Never, we believe, will increased wealth produce in our University a type similar to the American. The change cannot come from within the University. It must come from without; and only as Canadian manhood takes on the characteristics of the American youth will the University life alter and deteriorate. Canada must have great wealth before her sons can practice great vices and her college men perpetrate great follies. So long as Canada retains her present type of national life, and develops along original lines, so long will she continue to retain in her universities that democratic spirit of which she is so proud.

But increasing wealth will naturally mean expansion and change. Man is a social animal as also a snobbish animal. Canada is to have her wealthy families and her wealthy sons. Social distinctions will exist as they exist to-day, but on a larger scale. More froth will be mingled with the pure spirit, but the body itself will remain sound. 'Varsity has to-day her exclusive clubs, societies and fraternities. She has also an ever-increasing number of feather-heads with rah-rah habits and exaggerated apparel. She has her snobs, pinheads and prigs. With age, all her branches will extend. The alloy will also increase, but in proportion only. We believe that in universities as in all other things Canadian, the dross will never outweigh the gold.

The chronicle, of old London, says: Smoking has been under discussion in the Anglican church synod at Bendigo. One member wanted the temperance pledge extended so as to ban tobacco as well as alcohol. Canon Brydges warned the proposer that he would have the whole female population up in arms against him. Every wife knew that the pipe was her husband's best friend. It kept him at home and away from the hotel. Opposition to smoking was frequently a case of sour grapes. Either the objector had not the physique of a smoker, or the necessary genial temperament. He was sometimes a person who had tried to smoke, but with only partial success.

Queen Helena, of Italy, is a princess of the troubled realm of Montenegro and is considered one of the most attractive members of the royal circle in Europe. She is not fond of public life nor state entertainments and is said to be devoted to her bright little family, of whom the only boy, the Prince of Piedmont, is the most prominent member. The grace and gentleness which characterize the Queen of Italy have never been more admirably shown than during the present situation, and the stronger sympathy between ruler and people called forth by the disaster which shook Sicily from its foundations may lead to a better condition of affairs throughout the Kingdom.



WITH the backing of the Vancouver city council, the board of trade and the tourist association of that city, as well as the support of the residents in Chilliwack, Mr. Robert Stevenson, one of the oldest pioneers of British Columbia, and the first white man to enter the Similkameen country, will petition the government of British Columbia to build a wagon road this summer from Hope across the Hope mountains to Otter Flat, in the Similkameen valley.

Mr. Stevenson, who owns no less than thirty-four claims in the valley, states that the only thing which is retarding the development of some of the richest mines in British Columbia is the lack of facilities to get the ore out of the valley.

"Large numbers of rich mineral lodes are known to exist all the way along the old trail, which is now blocked by fallen timber," said Mr. Stevenson the other day to a representative of The Vancouver Province.

"Most of these lodes have passed the prospective stage of development. Tunnels and shafts have been sunk on many claims, and in some places ore has been piled up ready for shipment, and mining men are literally crying out for a road.

"There are platinum deposits in this district which have attracted the attention of the Dominion geologist, Mr. Camsell, who will spend all next summer in the Similkameen valley.

"All the gold and other ores mined could be taken out of the country by wagons. The road, which would be 54 miles long, could be built for about $1,000 a mile. There is a little rock cutting to be done going up to the summit of Hope mountain, but the descent into the valley will present no difficulties. There is no other way to open up the country than by a wagon road, as it would be impossible for a railroad to climb the summit of the mountain so as to attain within twelve miles of the valley."

Mr. Stevenson went to the Similkameen valley in 1860. There were no bridges in those days, and when high water was met there was nothing for it but swimming. Many of the Indian tribes were hostile, and at one time Mr. Stevenson and a companion held sixty native warriors at bay.

"We were armed with six-shooters, a novelty in those days, and the Indians were afraid to approach too close as they thought that the revolvers would never cease discharging their little leaden pellets."

* * *

IN that delightful work, "The Bad Child's Book of Beasts," Hilaire Belloc sings:

"As a friend of the children, commend me the yak;
You will find it exactly the thing.
It will carry and fetch; you can ride on its back
Or lead it about with a string."

Although some of the qualities here attributed to the yak are doubtless imaginary, the second line appears to be truth as well as poetry. In a contribution to Country Life in America, of New York, for February, entitled "The Yak—A North American Opportunity," Ernest Thompson Seton assures us that the animal really is "exactly the thing" for Western Canada. Mr. Seton's article will probably cause some amusement in the West. However, it makes interesting reading. There exists in America, he points out, a vast belt of unsettled country extending from Atlantic to Pacific, from Maine through Canada to Alaska, about 4,000 by 500 miles, which would be suited to cattle-raising were its winters not so severe. Here, he tells us, is the yak's chance; for this animal is able to withstand the cold of just such regions as this. Says Mr. Seton:

"With four months of hard frost and deep snow the ordinary range cattle can not thrive, so that practically the north limit of cattle-ranching, without winter-housing and feeding, is the south limit of the so-called Canadian fauna—not the south boundary of Canada, but a line crossing from the south end of Lake Winnipeg to the north Saskatchewan, then southward along the Rockies into the United States.

"Attempts to utilize this cold range have not been wanting. The American buffalo and its various crosses with the long-haired cattle of the Highlands have been tried, but so far without satisfactory results, chiefly because of the unmanageable nature of the buffalo. It is unreliable in temper, almost impossible to drive, and ever ready to stampede in the wrong direction.

"A better solution of the problem is offered us ready-made in Asia, where they have precisely the same conditions to face. The yak or woolly ox (*Bos grunniens*, Linn.) has been formed by nature for the northern ranges and has long been domesticated by man, so that the work of adapting and subduing it is already done. . . Its native haunts are the snow-clad, rocky hillsides and bare mountains of Tibet, even up to 20,000 feet above the sea going higher, as some think, than any other animal. But experiments show that it thrives equally well near sea-level, as at Shanghai, Nice, Paris, Antwerp, and Woburn Park in England, as well as in the London Zoological Gardens.

"Its native food is a coarse wiry grass (whence one of its names, *poephagus*), or grass-eater, but the experiments at Woburn Abbey and at the London Zoo show that it will eat anything that common cattle will eat, and that it thrives equally well on stuff that in the barnyard would be thought very poor fodder indeed.

"In size the yak resembles common cattle. Prejevalsky says the bulls are five to six feet high at the shoulder and weigh 1,000 to 1,200 pounds, but the accounts of various other authors would suggest a much greater weight. In build it is like a common ox, with the hump of a bison, but the distinguishing feature of this cold-ranger is its coat. On the upper parts generally it is three or four inches long and but little thicker than that of a well-furred Highland bull, but it lengthens on the sides, till the throat and body are covered with a dense hairy fringe that reaches nearly to the ground. The tail is so enormously bushy, and with the hairy fringes is such a generous covering for the hocks, that it is difficult to see how any wolf could hamstring a yak. Thus its remarkable coat affords it an ample protection from flies in summer, frost in winter, and wolves all the time.

"The near affinity of this animal with the common cattle is shown by the fact that it can be readily crossed with any of the domestic breeds. It is particularly fond of rugged hillside pastures where it scrambles among the rocks like a goat, or grows fat on miserable wiry grass among which European stock would starve. The country along the north shore of Lake Superior would make a veritable Hapnyland for the yak."

The matter, Mr. Seton goes on to tell us, is not to be allowed to rest on a theoretical basis. He himself has called the attention of the Canadian Government to the opportunity, and he has been given authority to test the matter practically. He says:

"I found no difficulty in getting a sympathetic hearing on the yak question from the very-much-alive authorities at Ottawa. I was asked to solve the question of getting a small herd to begin with, as well as full information on methods of management.

"My opportunity for the last I recognized when on a visit to Woburn Abbey where for so many years this animal has been successfully bred. The whole scheme was still further advanced when, on hearing the details of the proposed introduction, his Grace the Duke of Bedford, with characteristic generosity, presented to the Canadian Government a herd of six fine yaks to be the breeding start for the enterprise.

"These are to be handled first by the experimental farm at Ottawa. Their number will be increased by fresh importations as soon as experience shows that it is justified. Ultimately breeding-stock will be sent to each of the Western and Northern State experimental stations, and thus in time we hope to effect a conquest of that great stock range which lies between the especial domains of the common cattle and the reindeer, and which at present is lying idle."

* * *

THE Calgary Herald is adopting a novel method of collecting and publishing crop statistics in Alberta. Farmers in various districts are invited to send sworn declarations of their crop records of last year, and these The Herald intends to publish, hoping in this way to furnish convincing evidence of agricultural possibilities and progress in the province that runs out to the foot-hills of the Rockies. Here is the report made by D. S. Frey, a farmer in the Carstairs district:

Wheat, fall, 33 acres, averaging 47 bushels per acre; oats, 28 acres, averaging 96 bushels per acre; barley, 17 acres, averaging 43 bushels per acre. His profits, without counting cost for labor, were, per acre, $24 on wheat, $29 on oats, and $18 on barley.

* * *

THE Grand Trunk Pacific Railway company is calling for tenders for the construction of two steamboats for the Skeena river service in connection with construction work on the western division.

Capt. S. B. Johnson, superintendent of the company's steamboat service on the Skeena, will establish headquarters at Vancouver, which is considered an indication that the boats will be built in one of the local shipyards. They will cost about $35,000 each.

Tenders require their completion before the first of June. They will have a length of 136 feet and 29-foot beam, with a carrying capacity of 140 tons.

A DUSTLESS HOME.

One of the most interesting exhibits at the recent Tuberculosis Exhibition was that made by the Canadian Pneumatic Tool Co., Ltd., of Montreal, of their Acme Vacuum Cleaner. The simplicity of the machine and the silent and effective manner in which it did its remarkable work, proved one of great interest to the visitors who attended the exhibition. More particularly to the ladies; for the reason that it brought directly to their notice the fact that the use of this machine in the household would tend to lessen the cares and trials of housekeeping. Apart from this feature, it appeals to the general public, and to those more directly interested in the great movement that is now being brought before the people, as a sanitary appliance, as it will absorb all dirt or dust and eradicate all germs that may be hidden or exist in carpet, rugs and house furnishings.

The laborious method so long in vogue of sweeping the house, merely stirring up the germ-laden dust only to settle on the walls and furniture, and later to find its way back through the accustomed dusting process, can now entirely be done away with.

One's house can be always clean; there need be no lifting of carpets; no renovating of furniture; no cleaning curtains and hangings. The Acme Vacuum Cleaner, by its manipulation by the maid of the house once a week, will keep everything pure, sweet and clean.

The mechanism of the machine is very simple and cannot get out of order.

The exhibit also proved of great interest to the medical fraternity. Lady Grey, during her visit to the exhibition, paid special attention to the working of the Acme Vacuum Cleaner.

The appliance is run from the ordinary electric current, and while in operation consumes only one per cent. of electricity per hour.

The Acme Vacuum Cleaner is the joint invention of Mr. Geo. J. Sheppard, manager, and Mr. H. F. Adams, supt., of the Canadian Pneumatic Tool Co., of Montreal. These gentlemen are to be commended for the ingenuity which they have displayed in bringing before the public an appliance which is bound to make its mark.

A Highland minister, who was rather a pompous gentleman, came to a shepherd's house to baptize a child.

"Are you prepared?" he asked the fond parent.

"Ou ay, munnister; I have got a grand ham for tea."

"I mean spiritually prepared," thundered the cleric.

"Af coorse I am; oh, yes. I got twa bottles o' first-class whisky from the inn," replied the imperturbable Celt.—Tit-Bits.

"Your husband wor a good man," declared the sympathetic Mrs. Casey to the bereaved widow. "He wor!" exclaimed Mrs. Murphy, dashing the tears from her eyes. "No two policemin cud handle him."—Tit-Bits.

It is to be hoped that Congress will make Mr. Taft's salary $100,000 a year, because those caddy boys are the most grasping persons you ever saw.—Washington Post.

E

FASHION HINTS

FROM THE DRESS GOODS DEPARTMENT

It has been decreed by those important personages whose judgment governs in matters of style the wide world over, that the present year shall be marked chiefly—so far as women's dress is concerned—by a striving after unusual color effects. Never before have the markets of the old world provided so rare and delectable an assortment of shades from which to fashion Milady's Spring trousseau.

It is some months since this tendency was first evinced, by the introduction of such new shades as Elephant Grey, London Smoke, and the like.

Always alert for the latest caprices of Dame Fashion, our buyers included in their purchases for the coming spring, all the novelties afforded by the markets of Europe.

Then, just as we were congratulating ourselves upon the completion of the largest and most varied stock of dress goods ever brought together in a Canadian store, there were introduced by a few of the more enterprising manufacturers, still further additions to the already long list of shades. Recognizing here an opportunity to place our customers on an equal footing with the women of Paris, London and New York, our Dress Goods Department added these latest productions of the world's most celebrated looms to our already replete stock.

It should be good news to the women of Toronto that—in a season, during which, to be well-dressed, one's costume must be selected with such especial care as to color—they have at their command the resources of this great store, and are thereby brought into close touch with the style centres of the world, without the necessity of excessive expenditures.

The materials include: Broadcloth, Mirror Cloth, Prunella, Satin Cloth and the very popular Venetians.

The wise woman makes her selection early. Choose your materials *now*, before the crowds are impelled to do so by the soon-to-be expected signs of spring. And let us remind you that to ensure complete satisfaction it should be made up in our Dressmaking Department.

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TORONTO CANADA

The Straight and Narrow.

LADY, with your soup bowl hat,
Near-Directoire gown and make-up,
With your curves all to the flat,
Quite in line with fashion's shake-up,
With your long plumes all a-wave
When you gaily trip the pave
As on toward the shops you hike it,
Do you like it?

When reform has done its work—
E'en though hubby much has scolded—
And with many a strain and jerk
You into new shape are moulded,
Do you wholly feel at ease
In your efforts thus to please?
Smiles that match your costume rakish—
Are they fakish?

And when you have closed your tour
Of the down-town streets for shopping,
And you're home again, are your inclinations to be stopping
Long before you want to take
'Em all off for comfort's sake,
And put on, though not so dapper,
Just a wrapper?

—W. L. W., in Brooklyn Life.

A YOUNG Englishman, after he had been in Devil's valley for a couple of months, began to grow thin. Mining camp cooking did not appeal to him. Besides his squeamish appetite, there was another thing that the natives held against him—his outlandish custom of taking a bath every morning. One day his landlady was discussing him with a friend.

"I tell ye what, Sal," said the visitor, "he's jest a-wastin' away a-grievin' for some gal back East thar."

"Nothin' o' the kind," said the landlady, contemptuously. "You mark my words, now—that young feller he's jest a washin' hisself away."

"What sort of an after-dinner speaker is Bliggins?" "One of the kind who start in by saying they didn't expect to be called on, and then proceed to demonstrate that they can't be called off."—Washington Star.

Automobilist—What advantage has the airship over the motor-car? Aeronaut—Well, for one thing, you can always be sure of making good time on the return trip.—Smart Set.

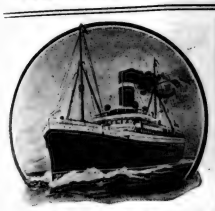
"You're looking for new quarters, I hear," said Kidder, at the breakfast table. "Yes," replied the talkative boarder. "Why?" "Here's an ad in the paper that should interest you particularly: 'To let—nice room for gent with gas.'"—The Tatler.

Practical Father—Has that young man who wants to marry you got any money? Romantic Miss—Money! He gave me a cluster diamond ring studded with pearls. Practical Father—Yes, I know. But has he any money left?—Stray Stories.

"Do you ever lose that umbrella of yours?" asked the maiden. "No, I don't," replied the man, sternly; "the person who takes that umbrella will have to take me." "Do I understand that to be a proposal of marriage or a threat?"—Yonkers Statesman.

Lena Ashwell, manager of the Kingsway Theatre in London, has made an innovation by replacing the usual short play or "curtain-raiser" with a brief concert on the stage by a string quartet of selected instrumentalists.

Carrie Nation likes England better now. She is being arrested more frequently.—Philadelphia Ledger.



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"NO use doing anything for him, he's perfectly worthless," exclaimed a worker among the poor the other day, as a certain derelict hove in sight. And that remark reminded me of the most extreme case of worthlessness that ever was forced upon my notice. I heard about him, (the case) one teeming wet Sunday, while my hosts and I sat gossiping after midday dinner, in the big bay-windowed livingroom looking out upon a country road and sundry unhappy looking fields near a small town in Michigan. It was long ago, before the small town had much civilization, and when things happened which could not happen there now. "I guess," said my host, "they'll have a wet time getting poor Manda Simmons intil her grave this afternoon. Well, it'll be rest for her, anyhow." Of course I invited details. "You see, she's bin married ten year or more to as worthless a shoat as ever drew breath. She's had nice babies, and this last time the father of the nine gave out be wouldn't be kep' awake by babies crying any longer, and he put Manda and the new one out in the shed, and Manda she chilled, and died in a day or so, while that baby's as peart and pretty as the other eight. Ever since she died. Simmons has been drinking, and he's lying senseless at this present hour, and look! There comes the funeral!" The bearers plodded through deep mud and driving rain on that cold spring Sunday, the minister walking ahead, down the road, and through a gap where the rails were let down into the small enclosure which held the bodies of the few townfolk who had died since settlers had located there. There were no monuments. I had driven past it many times and never imagined it was a cemetery. Through the sheets of rain we saw the little group of men bearing the coffin on its rough bier, and gathering about the grave, one of them holding an umbrella over the minister, while he read the prayers. In the midst of the services, my host started and pointed down the road where a shape came prancing hatless, coatless and shoeless through the wind and water. "If there isn't Simmons," he said, "crazy drunk, as you can see, and just woke up and missed Manda." The wild figure leaped into the midst of the startled group, leaped too far, and went headlong into the open grave. The proof of his extreme worthlessness was then given, for the bearers and few friends actually agreed that it was not worth while fishing him out, and the best thing to be done was to fill in the grave and go home. The minister was at first too horrified to rebuke them, and when he did, he had some difficulty in making them haul the stunned, drenched and detested drunkard out of the grave of his unfortunate wife and victim. The sequel to this sorry tale was very curious. A year or so after, I was again in the West, and the first news I heard was that the prettiest girl in the town had that day married the utterly worthless man aforesaid. And she loved him and they got along, and at last accounts a baker's dozen of children were in the small house, and the four belonging to the new wife were even prettier and cuter than the nine whose mother was laid to rest in the teeming rain. All of which seems very extraordinary in connection with the verdict of my host on the "most worthless shoat that ever drew breath."

*

It also reminds me of what a dear woman said one day when asked, "Mrs. Winters, if you could be somebody else, whom would you like to be?" with that twinkle of the eyes and demure set of the lips which always put us on the *qui vive* for a bit of fun, she answered, "Well, girls, I'd like to be Mr. Winters' second wife." There was such a lot of humor in the notion that it was days before I got it all out. We all know second wives who are eating cake when first wives had to be content with crust, who are coddled and caressed, while the first wife, struggling overweighted and patient to the death, had perhaps only an occasional kiss from the man full of anxieties and care-worn with new burdens and toilsome climbing to success. It was not lack of love, maybe, but it was very pathetic and provocative of discouragement, and I sometimes wonder if the ghost of that little poor first wife doesn't look somewhat cynically upon the good times which often come to her successor. Maybe there was the deep understanding of such a contrast in the mind of the dear woman who said that if she could better her present happiness it would be only as the second wife of Mr. Winters.

Which was written first, of the two plays dealing with the idea baldly expressed in the title of a book you may remember "If Christ came to Chicago?" I have seen "The Servant in the House" perfectly acted, perfectly staged in simplicity and reverence, and my heart did not melt nor my eyes run over. I saw "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" in old London, last September, and my heart ached and my voice broke, and something entered into my soul which stayed, and is there to-day, directing and influencing many of my thoughts and deeds. It was the power of extreme gentleness and sincerity, a beautiful thing. "The Servant in the House" was strong-flavored, full of the conflict that rends, and at times there was rant and its like in the expression. The other play seems in my memory like the rare fragrance of hidden flowers, so tender so permeating in its strength, so gentle and calm and irresistible. And I want greatly to see it again, which is not my feeling toward the one we all enjoyed so much last week. I hope Forbes Robertson will play to us the "Passing of the Third Floor Back" before we have forgotten "The Servant in the House," that we may discover how differently they present the result of the temporary sojourn of the Christ-spirit in a household warped earthward. It was curious that in both plays it was first recognized and loved and understood by a young girl, the innocent, carefully-reared, just, little gentlewoman, and the degraded, depraved, dirty, little boarding-house slavey. But then, is there anything so precious, so lovable, so sensitive and so capable of lovely things as a young girl? If so, I am afraid I haven't found it.

*

"Why didn't Mary get married?" snorted the friend of the family, "Oh, too much mother!" It is a bad thing for the matrimonial bureau, "too much mother." You know how it works; the girl and her mother become necessary to one another; years of quiet companionship shut them off from the rest of the passing world of their day; they browse along together, until the girl grows old before her time, mercenary if her mother is mercenary, captious if she is captious, self-denying and kind or miserly and unsympathetic according to the lead of the elder woman. The mother who deliberately decides to keep her daughter single, that she may always enjoy her society and affection, is made selfish stuff. She forgets many things she should remember, and that she may possibly be some day reminded of by that daughter to her intense chagrin. The young man who loved and wanted the girl, but was cleverly frozen out by the mother, is not always unavenged. You and I may have seen the settlement of his account, when he was far away, and perhaps neither knew nor cared that Mama was getting what was coming to her. I heard a mother say one day that she thought her daughter being engaged and married was repugnant to her. Another mother tells me that no one is good enough for her girl, and the girl is ape enough to believe that rubbish. There are girls in this city who love and are afraid to let their mothers know of it, because of that subtle instinct warning them that neither help nor sympathy would meet their confession—that's why they sometimes come and murmur sacred little confidences into my enraptured ears, and why I hug them and say its the very dearest thing I ever heard of, that they are really in love. Prudence and good advice are second thoughts, they'll do for mothers, but for irresponsible old females like me there is only sympathy in the wonder and the bliss of some sweet young thing devoutly believing that she has discovered the one perfect man on earth. I'm sure, if I had any daughters I'd have married them off in their first season. Almost any sort of a husband would be less unbearable than to see some day in eyes I loved, the sad or discontented or reproachful look which sometimes acquaints the selfish mother with the enormity of her crime.

*

A party of "us girls" had a great day to-day. We discussed our remote past, a past of pillow fights, and practical jokes, and impositions and stolen sweets and hard work and lusty play. The far, far, golden past, the rare old, fair old days which had gathered such a lot of cobwebs. Dignity fled aghast before such a talk. The fine lady, clothed in the reserve of society, the blasee fair one, or the prim one, or the cold one, or the forgetful one vanished, and we were mischievous school girls, with beaux, half-baked, and impulses half-formed, and dreams! ye gods! to think what came of those dreams! until to-night, I am afraid to go to sleep for fear I may dream again. But I hope it did the other old chums as much good as it did me to turn back the leaves and read together of the fairy time of girlhood, and laugh uproariously over sundry capers and pranks and call over the roll of old comrades whom we may or may not greet again in this world. There were no discords in that old time melody, it rings true like bells in harmony, and the air is still sweet with it—the dear old friendship which began I dare not say how many decades ago, for some of the girls might read this, and which was still alive and kicking at this late day. Some of us have grown fat and some have grown grey, but we are feeling well-content that our hearts are young enough to beat in time, and that we had nothing but glad memories to share.

Lady Gay.

The Oldest Law of Society.

HOSPITALITY is thus dealt with by Beatrix Demarest Lloyd, in the current number of The Smart Set:

And here one goes back to the beginning of the gentle art of dining. It's a pleasant thing to contemplate the irradicability of a human kindliness. In the earliest ages of which we have any sociological data, the wayfarer along the road had but to stop at the door beyond which he could not urge his weary feet, and he was welcomed within, and from the frugal larder of the honest—or, more honor to them, dishonest—folk among whom he had blindly cast his lot, they set before him meat and drink. He needed it. They gave him what they had. It was the sweetest of all unwritten laws. And it marked a great change when it came, that kindly impulse. Before then, a stranger was a thing to be assaulted. The man of the house in the stone age would have descended upon a wayfarer and cloved him to the earth—which sounds unpleasant and certainly was most inhospitable. When the change came, the memory of man cannot say. But out of the need of the wanderer grew the virtue of the householder, and from that the gentle sense of obligation—no more, among gentle minds, from one than from the other.

So the giving of refreshment came gradually to be a symbol of good-fellowship, and the mere bodily necessity of food took unto itself the spiritual meaning of a sacrament.

This was all very simple in the days when visitors were infrequent and when a man made horseshoes in exchange for turnips. It is not so simple now, and yet the basic fabric remains the same. The embroidery grows elaborate and magnificent, but the original cloth is there. Many people have embroidered it so thickly with rich arabesque that the foundation is forgotten, but let a thread or so ravel, and you will see in the indignation of the revolt that they have seen and realized the true background upon which they have expended so much labor. For people have not changed so very much even if their ways of doing things have changed a great deal.

Well, gradually this sense of obligation—of generous courtesy toward the guest who supplied the glow that follows on gentle giving, and of grateful thankfulness toward the hospitable host—became one with the idea of sitting at table together. After the housewife's and her daughter's bustling about, while the husbandman went out to kill a chicken—during which interval the guest sat alone before the fire—came the charming laziness of the meal, when the traveler told his story and drank his mead, and inter-exhilarating converse made the dinner of herbs an affair of stalled ox. The pleasure of the dinner hour became one with the pleasure of welcoming a stranger. And from that it may not inconsequently be claimed grew the delight of welcoming a friend.

You and I.

NOT all the lore that was learned by the sages
And wise men of years gone by—
Not all the logic that men of past ages
Drew down from the stars and the sky
Makes the magic together in all winds and weather
Like just the two words—you and I.

Not all the sweets that summers have taken
From garden and close and lea—
Not all the blossoms June breezes have shaken
On the years agone and to be
Hold half the sweetness in all love's completeness
Of the tale your lips tell to me.

Not all the bells that love has set ringing—
Bride-bells under skies so blue—
Not all the songs that lovers went singing
Since ever the world was new
Tell half the gladness—so deep it's near sadness,
That sings in my heart to you.

—Edna S. Valentine in The Smart Set.

We do not think we exaggerate at all when we say that the BELL Piano is in at least one or two important features the superior of any other piano manufactured. This is not our own opinion only, but that of numerous purchasers who are thoroughly competent judges. The tone baffles description, for it has wonderful sweetness and clarity, combined with great power and timbre, while the features of the illimitable quick repeating action, which is exclusively used in the BELL Piano, appeal to every musician.

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WHEAT

"Dear," whispered the eloping lover, "what shall we do with the rope ladder? We shouldn't leave it hanging there." Oh! that's all right," replied the coy damsel. "Pa said he'd pull it up again so we couldn't get back."—Catholic Standard and Times.

"You go around borrowing money, and yet you seem to be prosperous." "I am." "How do you manage it?" "My motto is, 'Always put off till tomorrow those you have done to-day.'" —Cleveland Leader.

The Employer—Young man, I don't see how, with your salary, you can afford to smoke such expensive cigars. The Employee—You're right, sir,—I can't, I ought to have a bigger salary.—Cleveland Leader.

"Morality" is your way of living my life.—March Smart Set.

THE DRAMA

LINA ABARBANEL

As Sonia in "The Merry Widow," coming to the Princess Treatre next week.

THE GIRL BEHIND THE COUNTER.

O H, you might not like the staging,
And you might not like the plot,
And you might not think the players
Were a most amusing lot.
Yes, you might sit back and wonder
Why a man of brains should clap
And applaud such silly twaddle—
If you are that sort of chap.

And you might not think the dancing
Was most admirably done,
And the jokes might strike you chiefly
By their utter lack of fun;
You might think the songs were stupid
And the music none too new—
If you went that way to see it
It would look that way to you.

You might much prefer an evening
With the intellectual Great
At a play which had a purpose
Or a problem for debate;
But whatever your opinion
All who saw it will agree
That one way it marks an epoch
In the stage's history.

For each time they raise the curtain
In this special type of play,
Though Act I. may be in Greenland
And Act II. in far Cathay,
All and each and every player
Must brave storm, and toil, and breeze
To be in the opening chorus
Of Act II. across the seas.

We may do all kinds of guessing
But we never, never know,
For till now was never shown us
Any reason why they go.
But in this case, as a feature
Which is absolutely new,
They are all thus brought together
In a way which might be true!

ASHTAR.

* * *

"THE MERRY WIDDOW," the highly successful Viennese operetta, which Henry W. Savage will present at the Princess Theatre all of next week, aims to carry the spectator into that most fascinating of all countries—the land of romance. Its story deals with the love of two impetuous, high-spirited and utterly unreasoning lovers—Sonia, the widow, and Prince Danilo, an attache at the Marsovian Embassy in Paris. Their youthful jealousy and pique, and the undercurrent of affection beneath their delightfully foolish quarrels, furnish both composer and librettist with the theme on which they have builded a structure of melody and narrative.

The scenes of the operetta are laid in Paris, where the Prince is serving his country as an under-secretary. He is spending his nights in dissipation amid the whirl of artificial gaiety at Maxium's and the other Bohemian cafes trying to forget the girl whom he once loved in Marsovia, and who marrieu a wealthy old rival. The wealthy old man has died, leaving her the richest woman in Marsovia, and she comes to Paris to be near the man she really loves. Through three acts they quarrel and banter and mock each other, and not until the final moment does the denouement looked for in all such performances occur.

The action speeds from the splendid state ball of the first act to a summer garden on the night of a national fete which is being given by Sonia. All of the characters in this act are garbed in the national costume of Marsovia, one of the ludicrously small "buffer" states on the Balkan peninsula. It is in this act that the famous waltz is danced.

The final reconciliation takes place in the last act amid the frivolities of Maxium's restaurant. This scene is one of great animation. In this act the famous "Merry Widow" hats are worn by the sprightly young women—"the tinted butterflies of the boulevards."

While the magnificence of the settings have had much to do with the success of "The Merry Widow," the excellent melodies with which Franz Lehar has filled it have been largely responsible for its world-wide popularity.

The company which will present "The Merry Widow" in Toronto is headed by Lina Abarbanel, the widely known Austrian prima donna, who combines the qualities of a rare singer and excellent actress. Miss Abarbanel has a pure soprano voice, and has sung in grand opera in practically every great capital of Europe. She brings to her interpretation of the part an abundance of high spirits and vivacity.

The leading male role of Prince Danilo will be sung by Charles Meakins, who is widely known throughout Canada. He was born in Hamilton, and is a graduate of McGill University, Montreal. He is the possessor of a charming baritone voice. His dancing, too, is one of the important features of the production.

The well-known comedian, Oscar Figman, will be seen in the role of Ambassador Popoff, and the large company includes John Thomas, Harold Blake, William C. Wilson, Anna Bussert, and Carolyn Sedley. With the organization comes Mr. Savage's English grand opera orchestra.

* * *

THE engagement of Mr. James K. Hackett at the Royal Alexandra Theatre is proving very successful. While it is well known that Mr. Hackett is one of the most popular actors that visit Toronto, the business that is being attracted by him is in excess of the theatre management's most sanguine hopes. The house has been crowded nightly with enthusiastic audiences that have shown their appreciation of Mr. Hackett's work and that of his company, and the engagement will extend to the end of next week.

Mr. Hackett has the reputation of standing at the head of his profession as an interpreter of romantic parts. His bigness of stature, his dignity of bearing, his sounding yet melodious voice, his excellent mastery of the art of elocution and other gifts and attainments make him the ideal of the romantic creations of the stage.

The company supporting Mr. Hackett is one of marked excellence and includes a number of widely known actors. Among them are: Mr. Arthur Hoops, Mr. Fred Strong, Mr. Fred Sullivan, Mr. T. C. Diers, Mr. Page Spencer, Mr. John W. Duggan; Miss Beatrice Beckley, an English actress

JAMES K. HACKETT
A New Portrait

who has lately been associated with Marie Tempest; Miss Nina Morris, Miss Madeline Louis, the third of Mr. Hackett's leading women; Miss Edith Luckett, an ingenue of ability.

All of Mr. Hackett's plays have been finely staged and elaborately costumed, and it may be assumed there will be no deterioration during the second week of his successful engagement. The repertoire to be given for the second week has not been fully decided upon as yet. It is safe to say, however, that Monday and Tuesday evening will be given over to "The Prisoner of Zenda," which appears to be the favorite play, so far as Toronto theatre-goers are concerned, in Mr. Hackett's repertoire.

A new play entitled "A Son of the South" will be produced for the first time towards the close of the week.

* * *

"The Bowery Burlesquers" is coming with an entirely new offering to the Gayety next week. The management of this well-known burlesque aggregation has secured one of the latest musical comedies of a French author, and it is said that the production as far as comedy, music, scenery, costuming, and general equipment is concerned, will rank favorably with those sometimes seen in more pretentious houses.

* * *

Clarice Mayne, the popular English comedienne and mimic, will head the big bill at Shea's theatre next week. The special feature for the week will be Holden's Mannikens. Others on the bill will be Mr. and Mrs. Perkins Fisher, Wynne and Lewis, the Bonsetti Troupe; Anna and Effie Conley, and the kinetograph.

* * *

Once more has the musical comedy been with us, "The Girl Behind the Counter" being the one chosen by the powers that be to play here the first part of the week, and that Torontonians take to this form of entertainment the crowded houses testified, in spite of other attractions. As a specimen of musical comedy it is well above the average. The efforts of the numerous people who, to judge by the programme, are responsible for its production, have resulted in a very well-balanced and sustained performance, and the many parts are all in capable hands. Lew Fields made his initial bow to a local audience in the part of Henry Schniff, a rather penurious German unexpectedly left a large fortune, and while some of his methods of causing a laugh made one feel genuinely sorry for those who had to act as his foils, on the whole it can be seen that his reputation as a comedian is deserved. Connie Ediss, in the part of his socially ambitious wife, had a role precisely suited to her, and of which she made the most. Coming as a Broadway favorite, the absence of anything objectionable in the dialogue is an agreeable surprise, and the committee in charge are certainly to be congratulated in this respect. The costumes and setting of the first act particularly, were of great interest to the ladies in the audience, thus fulfilling one of the chief aims of musical comedy.

* * *

James K. Hackett, who will be seen at the Royal Alexandra next week in a revival of romantic plays, is one of the few remaining actors in America with a genuine knowledge of swordsmanship. The son of James H. Hackett, the well-known actor, the younger Hackett comes by his histrionism naturally, and the same may be said for his ability as a swordsman. Expertness in fencing must be considered as an essential accomplishment in the make-up of the actor who would succeed in roles of the romantic type. In this respect James K. Hackett is probably without a rival on the American stage.

* * *

Theodore Roberts, who plays the part of Joe Portugais in "The Right of Way," is eager to appear in the role of the Moor in "Othello." He has made a study of the role—not only of the lines, but also the make-up of the famous warrior. His work in "The Right of Way" meets with praise wherever he appears. The play has been a great success in the South. The company has begun a tour which will extend to the Pacific Coast.

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In this connection, it might be timely to announce that exceptional efforts have been put forth by The T. Eaton Co. this year to bring together a more than ordinarily attractive range. Included in the recent purchases are all the prevailing shades, such as Elephant Grey, Taupe, Gendarme, Fawn, Wood Browns, Beavers, and Amethyst.

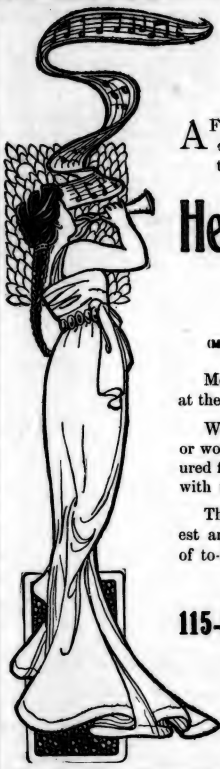
The Department is situated on the ground floor in the Northeast corner of the building, adjacent to the Yonge and Albert St. entrance.

As it now stands, this Dress Goods Department provides one of the most attractive spots in the store, and the efforts that have been made to cater to the comfort and convenience of the women of Toronto will be doubtless fully appreciated by them.

An exceedingly entertaining recital was given last Friday evening in the Conservatory Music Hall by Miss Beatrice Wellington, a senior pupil of the Conservatory School of Expression. The recital was a cutting of the novel, "Tom Moore," based upon Sayre's charming drama of the same title, and depicted the literary fortunes and vicissitudes of Ireland's favorite poet and his courtship of Mistress Bessy Dyke and included the other characters intimately connected with Moore's life, among whom probably the most interesting was Richard Brinsley Sheridan. As one followed Miss Wellington's excellent impersonation of Moore with her sympathetic appreciation of his warm Irish heart, ready wit and brilliant repartee, Byron's enthusiasm for the Irish poet could be readily understood when he said

"Were it the last drop in the well
'Tis to thee that I would drink, Tom Moore."

Miss Wellington showed a rare appreciation of dialect and suggested with excellent good taste the Irish brogue as well as the cockney of Moore's servant Buster.



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MUSIC

WHEN I first heard the Mendelssohn Choir, six years ago, I had come almost directly from work in which I was associated with one of the most lauded musical companies this continent had ever known. Wherever we appeared the work of our glee singers was pronounced the perfection of Shakespearian song. Previous to that I had listened to the leading opera companies and choral societies of the world, and I was not prepared for the revelation of choir singing I got that memorable night. As the years have come and gone I have found that this wonderful Choir has surpassed itself and eagerly sought for greater difficulties to overcome.

We all remember the year the "Choral Symphony" was announced, and how some felt that at last Dr. Vogt would meet his Waterloo, but there never has been a greater performance of that stupendous work than the Mendelssohn Choir gave. This is a strong statement to make, but I had heard it fifteen times before I heard it here, and once since, and I have verified my own impression by consulting members of the orchestra. Last season the Brahms "Requiem" was performed with even greater distinction than the "Choral Symphony" had been given, but we were beginning to expect more. This year the test piece will be "Caractacus." This article must be in the printer's hands before "Caractacus" is performed, but I fully believe that, with the superb chorus Dr. Vogt has under him this year, "Caractacus" will mark as great an advance over the "Requiem" as the "Requiem" was over the "Choral Symphony." I base this on the work of the Choir in the two concerts already given. "By Babylon's Wave" has been sung many times in the past, and therefore affords an excellent basis for comparison; and there was an authority in its presentation that made subtle shades of interpretational color as clearly defined as if there were veritable brush strokes made by the hand of a genius, which have been only suggested before.

After hearing "In Winter" I felt that the palm had been wrested from the women's choir, so great was the gain of the men. Nothing seems to trouble them in the least. They were as sure as Lhevinne of their effects, and the tone quality was ideal. But the women came into their own Tuesday night in Greig's "Ave Maris Stella," when the treble section made the first violins of the orchestra sound of the earth earthy, and they are as fine a lot as we have ever had here. "How Sweet the Moonlight Sleeps," by Eaton Faning, is a lovely bit of writing, and it was made more lovely by the way it was sung. And Elgar's lullaby, "From the Bavarian Highlands," makes me want to recall and forget what I said about "The Land of Hope and Glory." The instrumentation is fascinating, and the warm touches of local color make one long to send a missionary to save him from the pedanticism that threatens to make him a real mus. doc. Had he heard the way it was sung he would have been as glad as I am that he wrote it.

I wish I had space to linger over each number, and re-enjoy them all in writing about them. If Mr. Finck remembers the singing of the Choir for two years, and likens the singing of the chorus at The Metropolitan in "Die Meistersinger" to it, what would he do had he heard the "Chorale and Choral Final"? Richard Wagner was a master of many things, and no one has equalled him in the building of climaxes. Not even Bach could write such overpowering sonority, and he did a great deal in that way in his "B minor Mass." I share the regret of the plumber-critic, Fidelio, if anything has happened that will prevent Dr. Coward hearing Bach sung by the Mendelssohns. It might not please him, but Ernest Newman would go into raptures. Howard Brockway certainly does not write like the modern English composer, say Sir Alexander Mackenzie for instance, but Lord Mornington would approve of his charming setting of "It Was a Lover and His Lass." It is so refreshingly vocal. Percy Pitt has managed to escape blight and writes like a man with red blood in his veins, and doesn't seem to care at all if he fails to pass Associated Board Examinations. I could be content with a whole evening of his works if they are as beautiful as "A Love Symphony." For sheer virtuosity Hugo Wolf's "The Mad Fire-Rider" was the *crux* of the two programmes. You may not like it—probably two or three hearings might be necessary before you do—but it is not for every choir to attempt. I know how difficult it is, for I have seen the score, but it was done with an air of ease that was most deceiving. Perhaps Dr. Vogt needs a course in orchestral conducting—I have not made up my mind whether Fidelio's paragraph is a rumor or a hint—but at no time during the performance was it apparent. He seemed quite at home with the full score, even in the Wagner, Bach, and Wolf numbers, although he is only a Canadian musician. Of course in really difficult things, say a ballad by Bridge, he might have to resort to the piano score to find his way about, but I am glad to be able to deny the stupid story that he intends to disband the Mendelssohn Choir for the purpose of studying what he already knows better than any choral conductor on this side of the ocean, and quite well enough to accomplish epoch-marking performances.

Mr. Stock deserves our profoundest gratitude for the thoroughly interesting orchestral programmes he has prepared. He has a great band—one of the best in the world today—and the two Strauss excerpts were so magnificently played that one can afford to forgive the rather tame "Ride of the Valkyries." As I listened to the "Dance of the Seven Veils" I did not care whether it is one of the most notorious things in the realm of music, or merely a programme number revealing and reveling in Orientalism. It may lack tune and form, but if you do not want to analyze it, it grips you in the same way your first sight of Port Said does. The "Donna Diana" overture was a master-stroke of contrast. It changed the scene without giving one a jar. "Baba-Yaga" is aptly programmed as a tableau musical. If you believe in witches, all right; if not you were better at home. The "Pathetique" symphony was magnificently played. The strings more than atoned for their weakness in the "Valkyries Ride," but to me the "Debussy" prelude was the gem of the two evenings. I can't imagine any band playing it more perfectly. Yes, it is a formless thing, not even remotely binary, but so is a sunset painted by Turner. I prefer my color that way rather than in neat little squares properly marked like the sample cards of diamond dyes or somebody's paints. Mr. Stock handles these marvels of tone color more like a Frenchman than a German—under his baton they are as spontaneous as natural phenomena. I want to hear them all over again as soon as possible.

* * *

THE next great orchestra to visit us is the Pittsburg Symphony under Emil Paur. It will be here on the 22nd and 23rd of this month, with the Schubert Choir. No matter how much interest one may have in the splendid educational work that Mr. Fletcher is doing, and I have a great deal, there is an added interest when a musician of the rank of Mr. Paur is to conduct his new symphony. As a conductor Mr. Paur has a place in the esteem of the Toronto public that no one has surpassed, but he is unknown here as a composer. At the initial performance the critics were unanimous in their praise of this his first big work. Later I received letters from friends in Pittsburg and their praise was enthusiastic. One man wrote:

"You remember how we used to gloat over poor Moneybags who had to pay the piper while we danced, who sat like a mute at a funeral almost bored to death, well 'In der Natur' changed all that. First he listened with that curious expression that people are not quite sure whether is good form or not wear, bye-and-bye he began to do a little enjoying on his own, and soon he was quite as happy as if he were at the Gardens. Pretty good music that, to please the rich and the musician. It is modern but not morbid. Of course Paur would score it superbly, but few of the folk who know him superficially guessed what a fund of clean boy enthusiasm and fun there is in him. I am glad that you are to hear it."

The other orchestral numbers are of the same healthy character, full of life and at the same time good music. After considerable delay caused by some trouble in copyrighting them, Mr. Fletcher got the scores of the Schubert "Vocal Dances," which have never been sung in English. They form a truly Schubertian suite and are quite the most charming things I have heard of their kind. We may look for the "Kaiser March" to create a furore; it is stupendous. The *piece de resistance* is Mozart's "King Thamos," for chorus and orchestra, but Eaton Faning's "Liberty" is more dramatic, and shows this talented composer in quite a different phase from his "How Sweet the Moonlight Sleeps," that the Mendelssohn Choir did so beautifully. "The Weary Wind of the West," by Elgar, is a tremendously difficult thing, but the choir had it well in hand several weeks ago. But all the numbers are good, and I shall wait for the performance before making more detailed comments.

* * *

IT was good news to hear the announcement of Frank Croxton's engagement to sing for Mr. Sherlock, Summer before last I had the pleasure of hearing him sing once or twice every week, and I never heard any basso whose voice gave me greater satisfaction—it was so perfectly placed and so judiciously used. Later he won a phenomenal success when he sang the part of Judas in Elgar's "Apostles," the composer conducting. Despite the ungraciousness of the work he had to do, Mr. Croxton's singing created the profoundest impression, and overshadowed those who had the sympathetic roles. Mr. Croxton's voice is so free and fluent that the music of "The Creation" will flow from his lips as though it had been written for him.

* * *

MR. Arthur Blight's friends and admirers filled Conservatory Music Hall last Saturday night, when he gave his annual song recital, presenting a varied programme. His voice is a beautiful baritone with so much of the robust tenor quality in the upper register that had he been trained in France we would know him as a tenor. As it is, one cannot too highly praise his emission of tone. From one end of his range to the other the quality is uniform and delightfully resonant. He has also fine dynamic control, and whether he is using full or half voice he gets his effects legitimately, by breath control not by a shifting of the vocal mechanism which some people have to resort to. Unfortunately I had to attend another recital on the same night so I did not hear the entire programme, but what I did hear was very reassuring. I feared for a time that in endeavoring to enlarge his tone Mr. Blight was going to force the natural beauty out of it, but in nothing that I heard Saturday night was there any trace of this fatal fault. The weak point in Mr. Blight's singing is interpretation. He is not dramatic and should avoid songs like Loewe's "Edward." He has fervor and fire but no range of color. "Edward" is one of the most exacting ballads in the whole range of song, and can be better done by a voiceless interpreter than an undramatic singer however beautiful his voice. I hope some day to have the pleasure of writing that Mr. Blight has made advances along this line commensurate with his other achievements.

I have never heard Miss Caldwell play better. The Chopin "Nocturne" was delightful, and Poldini's "Marche Mignonne" as dainty as its name suggests. The accents were suggested rather than struck and the whole performance was feathery and fascinating. The "No. 2 Rhapsody" was thrillingly played, and won a hearty storm of applause. It is in concert numbers of this class that Miss Caldwell excels. She has dash and verve and a certainty of technique that sweeps her listeners along. Miss Smith played Mr. Blight's accompaniments most sympathetically, and was especially effective in Kellie's "The Fountains Mingle with the Rivers," "Edward" and the song cycle. Taken altogether it was a satisfactory showing of our local artists.

* * *

Mr. A. L. E. Davies and the choir of Trinity Methodist Church have the right to feel proud of their success at the Service of Praise they gave Wednesday evening, the 3rd inst. Praise from Dr. Vogt is praise indeed, and he was very enthusiastic over the singing, particularly in the unaccompanied numbers such as the Gounod motette. "Come Unto Him," Bennett's "God is a Spirit," and Cowen's "Light in Darkness." The second part of the programme was devoted to Mendelssohn's setting of the 95th Psalm, for chorus and solo voices, which was splendidly rendered. Mr. Davies has wrought wonders with the choir since taking charge and has brought it to the position of one of the best if not the best in the city. He has been ably seconded by Mr. Russell Marshall, the organist, who played the accompaniments faultlessly, and also gave a musicianly performance of "The Marche Funebre et Chant Seraphique," by Guilmant. Mrs. Leonora James-Kennedy and Mr. David Ross were very much appreciated as assisting artists. The members of Trinity Church gave Mr. Davies cordial support, and in every way showed their approval of him and his singers, which will mean greater achievements in the future, as Mr. Davies will not be content to stop until he has made his choir a miniature Mendelssohn.

* * *

On the same night Mr. Frank Converse Smith gave a recital with his pupils. From first to last they showed well-defined training. Whatever point they have attained in their journey to Parnassus the ultimate destination was evident. In plainer words not one of them played parrot-wise, so far as he or she had advanced they had learned what had been gone over and did not play by rote. Those taking part were Desmond Reynolds, Willie Seitz, Pansy Lister, Lloyd Carpenter, Helen Seitz, Ruth Coryell, Benedick Clark, Edith Edmanson, Fred Denning and Eugene St. Denis. I have not had an opportunity to hear all of the younger violinists in town, but among those that I have heard Mr. Clark is easily first. His tone is full and firm; he bows with the certainty of one who knows thoroughly what he wants to do, and he has temperament. The Misses Coryell and Edmanson and Mr. Denning must also be commended. There were three interesting novelties on the programme, the Bach-Gounod "Ave Maria," arranged for six violins, a Haydn adagio for quartette, in which Miss Grace Pettit, a talented pupil of Dr. Nicolai, played the 'cello part, and three movements of Moszkowski's Suite for two violins and piano. Miss Ethel Drummond took the piano part in the last and with Messrs. Smith and St. Denis gave a charming performance. Mr. Smith is to be congratulated on the splendid showing his pupils made, and should be well pleased with the tribute of the large audience that gathered to hear them.

* * *

The Ladies' Musical Club of Napanee gave its first annual concert last week and chose four well-known Toronto artists to present the programme. Judging from the newspaper accounts it is difficult to say which of the four was the favorite. Mrs. Gerard Barton, in the dual capacity of pianiste and accompaniste, was very successful, and I hope that she will feel inclined to some day give a recital here. Miss Madeline Carter always charms an audience, and Napanee liked her quite as much as Toronto does. Miss Enid Newcombe, the 'celliste, established herself as a favorite with her first number, and was warmly applauded whenever she appeared. Mr. Goldsborough more than astonished the audience with his dazzling technique. He was recalled time after time and compelled to play several encores. Altogether the Toronto party reflected credit on its home city, and the executive of the Club is being warmly commended for the excellent choice of artists.

* * *

In the Hall of the Toronto College of Music on Wednesday evening, February 3rd, Miss Alma Clarke, a most talented pupil of Dr. F. H. Torrington, gave a piano recital before a large and appreciative audience. Miss Clarke is gifted with a remarkable memory and played the entire programme without the aid of her music. Miss Clarke was assisted by Olive Casey and Lillian Haggerty, vocalists of great promise, both being the possessors of voices of good range and quality. The following was the programme: Beethoven, "Sonata Pathetique, Op. 13, "Grave," "Allegro di Molto e con Brio," "Adagio Cantabile," "Rondo"; Chopin, "Ballade in G Minor," "Nocturne, Op. 15, No. 2," "Impromptu, Op. 29," "Etude, Op. 10, No. 5"; Vogrich, "Staccatto Caprice"; Moszkowski, "Tarantelle." Vocal: Torrente, "Show Me Thy Ways," Lillian Haggerty; Venzano, "Magnetic Waltz"; Rossini, Scena, "Bel Raggio" (Semiramide), Olive Casey.

* * *

The first concert by the Seaforth Choral Society will be given on Feb. 19th under the direction of Joseph L. Yule. Mr. Yule, who is organist and choirmaster of First Presbyterian Church, Seaforth, is a graduate of the Toronto Conservatory of Music, having studied under Miss Jessie A. Perry and Dr. A. S. Vogt. The Society, which has a membership of 75, will sing numbers by Gounod, Persall, Caldicott, Dunn, Thompson, Barnby and Lavellee-Richardson, and will be assisted by Mrs. Mabel Manley Pickard, soprano, and Miss Blanch Walter, reader, of Toronto.

* * *

Mr. Wheeldon's Twilight Recitals continue to grow in favor. Each week there is a decided gain in attendance, and as long as he continues to offer such interesting programmes he may be sure of attracting large audiences. The recital this afternoon will please both musicians and laymen. MELOS.

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THE Southern darkey is not, generally speaking, lacking in tact when it comes to dealing with his white neighbors, as the following story indicates.

A certain planter in Louisiana had caught an opossum, and, seeing three negroes whom he knew approach, and knowing the fondness of the race for the above-mentioned toothsome animal, determined to have some fun.

"Boys," he said, "I've got a fine 'possum here, and I'm going to give him to the man who will tell me to what political party he belongs and can give the best reason for his belief."

"Now, John, how do you vote, and what is your reason for doing so?"

"Well, sah," replied John, "I b'longs to de ole Republican pahty. De Republicans freed us an' I feels grateful to 'em an' I jes' nacherly votes dat ticket."

"Very good indeed, John," said the planter. "And you, Bill?" he added, turning to another of the darkies.

"I's a Populis'," answered Bill. "You see, sah, de Populis' stan' for de peoples' rights, an' I b'lieves in 'em."

"That's good, too," remarked the planter. "And how about you, Sam?" he said, addressing the last of the trio.

"Well, Boss," replied Sam, and he scratched his head and grinned knowingly as he spoke, "I b'longs to de Demercratic pahty—'case, 'case you know, Boss, I wants dat 'possum."

Sam got the 'possum.

* * *

RICHARDSON, the painter, used to speak of an honest, open, country gentleman who one day asked him to come to his house, adding:

"I wish very much to see you, for I have just purchased a picture by Rubens. It is a rare good one. Brown saw it and says it is a copy. Copy! If any man living dares to say it is a copy, I will break every bone in his skin! Pray, call on me and give me your opinion."

* * *

TENNYSON was once dilating to a friend on the charms of a pipe before breakfast.

"It is the most delightful smoke of the day," said he.

"Yes, yes!" replied his friend. "'The first sweet pipe of the awakened bard!'"

Thereby making a reconstruction from Tennyson's own words, needing the change of but one vowel.

* * *

HOW to avoid tipping the waiter at a restaurant: When the bill comes, pay it exactly. A certain involuntary expression of astonishment will be visible on the waiter's face, well trained though it may be. You should then rise, saying to him:

"I have made an excellent dinner; you manage the establishment much better than the preceding proprietor did."

During his rapture at being mistaken for the owner of the restaurant you escape.

* * *

A MOTHER, who was rather fond of the cheaper ten, twenty, thirty cent melodrama, one afternoon took her young daughter, who had grown to consider herself above that sort of thing.

The daughter was bored, but the mother was greatly interested, and finally, when the heroine had got into a seemingly inextricable position, broke down and sobbed heartily.

"Mother, I wouldn't cry *here*," whispered the daughter significantly, accenting the last word.

"Let me alone," replied the other hysterically. "If a thing is sad, it's sad; I can't cry according to price."

* * *

TWO citizens of Kincardine recently had the joke on a Kincardine hotel keeper, according to The Review of that town. They dropped into the hotel and said they wanted the bartender to decide a bet for the drinks.

"Give us the drinks now," said they, "and you can decide afterwards which of us is to pay for them."

After the landlord had furnished them with some good sealed stuff, he inquired what the bet was.

"Well," said one, "he bets that when the light house falls, it will fall towards the lake. I bet it will fall the other way."

The landlord is still wondering when he is to realize the price of the drinks, for the lighthouse looks as if it might stand forever.

A LITTLE boy came home one day from school in a very bad humor. Another boy, Jack Jones, had given him a thrashing, and he wanted revenge.

"Oh," said his mother, "don't think of revenge, Willie. Be kind to Jack. Heap coals of fire on his head. Then he will become your friend."

Willie thought he would try this method. So the next day at recess, just as he was buying a lemon pie for luncheon, Jack appeared and said.

"Look here, I licked you yesterday, but I didn't give you enough. Now I'm going to lick you again."

And he planted a hard blow on Willie's little stomach.

Willie gasped, but instead of striking back he extended his pie to Jones.

"Here," he said in a kindly voice, "I'll give you this. I make you a present of it."

Jack, in glad amazement, fell upon the pie greedily, and it had soon disappeared.

"Gosh, it was good!" he said. "What did you give it to me for?"

"Because you struck me," said the heaper of the coals.

Instantly Jack hauled off and struck him again. "Now go and get another pie," he said.

* * *

THERE is a story told of a famous singer, Gabrielli, who demanded a fee of 1,000 ducats for singing before the Empress Catherine II. of Russia.

"Far too much," said the empress, amazed. "Why, it is more than I pay my field marshal!"

"Then let your field marshal sing for you," replied Gabrielli.

* * *

WHEN Bishop Phillips Brooks sailed from America on his last trip to Europe, a friend jokingly remarked that while abroad he might discover some new religion to bring home with him.

"But be careful of it, Bishop Brooks," remarked a listening friend; "it may be difficult to get your new religion through the custom house."

"I guess not," replied the bishop, laughingly, "for we may take it for granted that any new religion popular enough to import will have no duties attached to it."

* * *

THE host was one of the newly rich of the vainglorious kind, and he was explaining to his dinner guests the cost of the dessert.

"This pineapple, f'rinstance cost me twelve dollars and—er—Mr. Jones, can I offer you a slice?"

"Yes, sir, you may," rejoined Jones. "I will take about thirty-five cents' worth."

* * *

WILLIE'S mother had decreed that the term "liar" must not be applied to an offending playmate.

"Call him a prevaricator," suggested his facetious father.

But when occasion arose Willie could not remember the word. The best he could do, under the circumstances, was to shout at the top of his voice, "You're—you're one o' them things!"

* * *

THE other-people's-business man persisted in trying to extract information from a prosperous looking elderly man next him in the Pullman smoker.

"How many people work in your office?" he asked.

"Oh," said the elderly man, getting up and throwing away his cigar, "I should say, at a rough guess, about two-thirds of them."

* * *

A CERTAIN Scottish minister of —— was a very keen garden hand. He was nailing up his much-beloved roses one day when he noticed a small boy gazing very intently at him.

Wondering what the boy would be taken up with, he said:—"Well, my little boy, what do you want?"

The reply was, "Oh, naethin, sir; I was just waitin' tae hear what 'ee wad say if 'ee hit yer thoom wi' the hammer."

"YES, sir," said the pale, youthful suitor; "I have come to ask you for your daughter's hand. She is fair as lilies, sweet as a honeysuckle, tender as a violet, charming—"

"Is that Mary you are talking about?" asked papa.

"Yes, sir. It is a mere formality, I know, this asking for your daughter's hand; but we thought it would be pleasing to you if it were observed."

Mary's papa stiffened.

"And may I inquire," he asked, "who suggested that asking my consent to Mary's marriage was a mere formality?"

"You may, sir," replied the young man, simply. "It was Mary's mother."

* * *

A WOMAN who can "fun" in the face of uncertainties has been discovered.

She ha da telephone in her apartment, and called up the telephone company and asked that the service be discontinued.

"We are sorry to lose you," said the man who took her message. "Are you dissatisfied with anything?"

"I am," said the woman, emphatically.

"I am very sorry," said the man. "Perhaps we can help you. What is it you do not like?"

"Single blessedness," said the woman. "I am going to be married tomorrow."

* * *

THE teacher was giving a geography lesson, and the class, having traveled from London to Labrador, and from Thessaly to Timbuctoo, was thoroughly worn out.

"And now," said the teacher, "we come to Germany, that important country governed by the Kaiser. Tommy Jones, what is a Kaiser?"

"Please 'm," yawned Tommy Jones, "a stream o' hot water springin' up an' disturbin' the earth!"

* * *

A DISHEVELED man, much the worse for liquor, staggered out of a "speak-easy" in a prohibition town and laboriously propped himself against the door. For a while he owlishly surveyed the passers-by. Suddenly his foot slipped and he collapsed in a heap on the sidewalk. A moment later he was snoring.

A hurrying pedestrian paused, reflectively surveyed the fallen man for a few seconds, and then poked his head in the door.

"Oh, Frank," he called. "Frank. Come out here a minute."

Presently the proprietor of the joint, smoking a fat cigar, emerged. He blinked in the bright sunlight.

"Hullo, Hud," he said pleasantly. "What's up?"

Hud jerked his thumb toward the slumberer on the sidewalk.

"Yer sign has fell down," he explained, and briskly resumed his walk uptown.

* * *

ONE of Phil May's sketches portrays a thin, hangdog man in the prisoner's dock talking to a very mild and sympathetic looking judge. Mr. May's story of the sketch is that the prisoner had been dragged before the judge every few months for a number of years.

"Your face is familiar here," the latter now said.

"It is, your Honor, worse luck," returned the prisoner.

"Are you married yet?"

"Not yet, sir."

"Not yet, eh? How long is it now that you have been engaged?"

"Seven years, your Honor."

"So long as that? Why in the world haven't you got married in all that time?"

"Because, your Honor," the prisoner explained, "Ann and I haven't managed to be both out of jail at the same time."

* * *

PRINCE PIERRE BONAPARTE and Monsieur De la Valette fought with pistols. Monsieur De la Valette fired first and missed. The prince fired, hit De la Valette just above the belt, but did not wound him, owing to a five-franc piece in his waistcoat pocket, against which the bullet was flattened.

"Sir," said Prince Bonaparte to his adversary, holding out his hand, "let us make friends, and allow me to congratulate you on the foresight with which you have invested your money."

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

MR. G. P. MAGANN returned to town a few days ago, leaving Mrs. Magann and the family in Southern Europe for the winter.

Mrs. G. Allen Arthurs arrived from England last week, and was a guest at her brother's home on Davenport Hill. Mrs. Austin met her in New York and returned with her to "Spadina." Both ladies very much enjoyed Mr. Wheeldon's Recital on Saturday, and a few others present were Mrs. Hertzberg and a party of friends, Lady Dorothy Smyly, Mr. Austin. There are always hundreds of music-lovers quietly gathered in the huge church on the stroke of four, although the charm of the "twilight" recital has given place to the glow and radiance of an afternoon sun, streaming through the stained west windows, and doing wonderful color stunts on the faces and forms of the unconscious folk who choose to occupy the east gallery. Last Saturday, Mr. Wheeldon played a Gavotte of his own composition that was very sweet and dainty. It might be remarked that talkative children are somewhat out of order at these fine recitals.

On Monday a very happy little party of eight had luncheon in the Rose room at McConkey's, the guests being invited to meet Mrs. Matheson, of St. Mary's, a fellow-collegian of old days, who is with her husband, Dr. Matheson, spending the winter in Toronto. The guests at the little feast were Mrs. Sutherland Macklem, Mrs. Wadsworth, Mrs. C. C. Dalton, Mrs. Salter Jarvis, Mrs. Jackson, Miss Eva Glass, Mrs. Matheson, Mrs. Denison. The table was decorated with lily of the valley in crystal vases and a large central vase of neal-maison carnations.

On Mondy afternoon Mr. Stanley C. Morse, of Winnipeg, and Mr. Wesley W. Winaus, of New York, students in residence at 'Varsity, gave a very jolly and successful tea in their rooms to a large number of their friends in the young set. A married friend of the hosts received the guests and chaperoned the party. It was the first tea given in the new residence, which was opened a few weeks ago, but if importunities and promises count for aught, it will not be the last. The young men have shown excellent taste in the arrangement and decoration of their suite, and received many compliments from their friends. Tea was served from the daintiest of tables decorated with lily of the valley, and the bonbons, cakes and ices were all in white and green, everything being most tempting and nicely served. A few of the guests were Miss Madeline Walker, cousin of Mr. Morse; Miss Rogers, who looked lovely in rose crepe de soie; Miss Barclay, the Misses Gouinlock, Miss Lena Coady, Miss Millman, Miss Evelyn Taylor, Miss McConnell of Ottawa, Miss Gladys Parry, Miss Cotton, Miss Edith Cochrane, Miss Hodgson of Montreal, Miss Gussie Beatty, Miss Dorothy Walker, Miss Russell, Miss Edith Snelgrove, Miss Edna Cosby, Miss Helen Adams, Miss Marjory Malcolm, Miss Tiny Dickson, Miss Maud Weir, Miss Irene Doolittle, Messrs. McArthur, Dann, Lytle, Buchanan, Cochrane, Wm. Sifton, Cowan, Clement, Cruikshank, Phippon, Dickson, McFarlane, Spohn, Cameron, Wilson, Barclay.

On Friday, February fifth, at half past two o'clock, the Central Presbyterian church was filled with friends of the bride and groom to witness the marriage of Miss Mary Bell Gzowski, second daughter of Mr. C. S. Gzowski, of Clovelly, and grand-daughter of the late Sir Casimir Gzowski, K.C.M.G. and A.D.C. to the late Queen Victoria, and Mr. Gavin Lang Ogilvie, son of the late Mr. Wm. Ogilvie, of Rosemount, Montreal. Rev. D. McTavish, D.D., officiated, and Mrs. Blight played the bridal music. The decorations were exquisitely beautiful, a terraced garden of daffodils covering the ranges of choir seats and ferns and palms and garlands of southern smilax being profusely used about the pulpit and chancel. Ethereal looking clouds of canary tulle diamante were tied and wreathed in the upper terraces of yellow bloom, the whole effect being a perfect background for the bridal group and doing credit to the taste of the clever manager of Dunlop's. Miss Gzowski was brought in and given away by her father, and was preceded by a maid of honor, Miss Wanda Gzowski, her younger sister, and three bridesmaids, Miss Vera Morgan, Miss Susie Cassels and Miss Gwendolyn Cayley, the bride's procession being led by the ushers, Mr. Stanislaus Gzowski, Mr. Harold Gzowski and Mr. Norman Gzowski, brothers of the bride, and Mr. James Angus, of Montreal. Mr. Barlett McLennan, of Montreal, was best man. The bride's gown was of rich Liberty satin in simple lines, and with much exquisite lace on the bodice; the veil was an heirloom in the family, and has already rested on the head of the bride's elder sister Mrs. Frederick Beardmore. Its soft ivory tint and beautiful design added a touch of extreme elegance to the slight young golden-haired bride. The boquet was a cascade of many odorous and exquisite white flowers perfectly arranged; the rope of pearls was the groom's wedding gift, and the usual wreath of orange blossoms was worn. The bride's nephew, little Master Beardmore, of Montreal, in a white sailor suit, carried the bride's train, his face being a study of responsibility as he paced slowly up the aisle. The maid of honor was in white chiffon over satin, her golden hair tied with broad white ribbon, under a large pale blue tulle hat, wreathed with tiny blue roses. She carried a rustic basket brimming with violets, and suspended by a broad blue ribbon to her wrist. The bridesmaids' frocks were of forget-me-not blue marquisette over blue satin, with deep opalescent bead fringe falling from the Empire yokes, and their hats and flowers were the same as those of the maid of honor, "brides" of tulle being crossed over their hair and brought forward, instead of the white ribbons. When this charming group stood in the garden of daffodils the ensemble made a perfect spring poem. While the register was being signed, Miss Hope Morgan sang "Beloved, It Is Morn" with beautiful tone and expression. After the ceremony there was a reception at Clovelly, the bridal couple being placed in the drawing room, and behind them the mantel being done with white flowers and ferns, reaching to the ceiling. The fine big rooms and hall were redolent with the fragrance of countless flowers, and the stair was wreathed with southern smilax, daffodils and clouds of tulle. Two tables were arranged for the dejeuner in the dining-room and library, and a delicious repast was served, the guests quietly wishing all health and happiness to the young couple, as they saw "the bubbles in the glass," but no speechifying being indulged in. The bride-cake was cut, and Mrs. Ogilvie changed her bridal robe for a pale blue cloth travelling gown and broad blue hat to match, in which she looked a picture as she stood on the stair poising her lovely boquet before throwing it to the laughing group of maidens in blue below her. Miss Cassels was the lucky girl into whose hands it fell. Mr. and Mrs. Ogilvie departed for their honeymoon in Egypt, amid a shower of confetti, while the Orchestra played "Just One Girl," and the guests sang the old song with much fervor. The wedding gifts were so many that three rooms had to be reserved for their arrangement, and even then many of the personal ones were taken away by the bride and not displayed on Friday. Many friends from out of town were at the wedding: Sir Montague and Lady Allen, Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Gault, Mr .and Mrs. Fred Beardmore, Mr. and Mrs. Creelman, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Ogilvie, Miss Ogilvie, Dr. and Mrs. Albert Macdonald, Miss McCutcheon, Mr. Albert Nordheimer and Miss Nordheimer, Miss Thompson, Mrs. Playfair of Midland, Miss Louie Gemmill of Ottawa, Miss Peck of Montreal, the Misses Claus of Pittsburg. The latter charming sisters have been with Mrs. Gzowski all this week, but are, I believe, returning home to-day. They were greatly admired at the wedding, and looked the acme of smartness and grace, as did also Miss Isabel Creelman, of Montreal. Mrs. Gzowski wore a mauve and white gown and toque, and carried orchids. Lady Allen was in soft peacock green satin with pointed guimpe of tucked net over gold tissue and black and white plumed hat and a beautiful boquet of white lilacs. Mrs. Fred Beardmore wore palest blue, and large blue hat, with a huge rosette and carried violets, thus repeating the color tone of the bridal group. On the evening of the wedding day the best man gave a delightful little dinner in the Rose room at McConkey's for the bridal party. Among those attending the wedding were Sir Mortimer and Lady Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Lissant Beardmore, Mrs. Gordon Osler, Mr., Mrs. and Miss O'Brien of Dromoland, Mr. and Mrs. Coulson, Mr. Walter Beardmore, Admiral and Mrs. Kingsmill, Mr. Beardmore of Chudleigh, Mr. and Mrs. George Harman, Mr. and Mrs. James George, Col. and Mrs. Davidson, Capt. and Mrs. Bickford, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Cawthra, Mrs. Cecil Gibson, Mrs. Sweny of Rohallion, Mr. and Mrs. Kay, Miss Kay, Mrs. Hay, Mr. and Mrs. Nordheimer of Glenedyth, Mrs. Cambie, Mr. and Mrs. Bertie Cassels, Mr. and Mrs. Waldie, Mrs. Mackenzie of Benvenuto, the Misses Mackenzie, Mr. Plummer of Sylvan Tower, Miss Joyce Plummer, Mrs. Gooderham of Deancroft, Miss Gooderham, Mrs. Alex. Gibson, Miss Adams, Mrs. Patterson, the Misses Morgan, and a great many others.

Mr. Walter Beardmore, with Mrs. Kingsmill as hostess in the absence of her mother in the south, gave a dinner-dance for the out of town guests at the Gzowski-Ogilvie wedding and a few other friends on Saturday night at his home in College Street. Mr. Beardmore, of Chudleigh, had a few friends for dinner after the wedding on Friday night.

Mrs. Lister's many Toronto friends are glad to see her again, and to know that she will take up her residence at 309 St. George Street.

Mr. Justice and Mrs. Riddell are home from the south. Mrs. J. Enoch Thompson is benefitting greatly by her sojourn in the south. Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie, of Benvenuto, instead of going to England as was arranged, are off to Mexico, with their son and daughter, Mr. Rod, of Winnipeg, and Miss Ethel. They left the end of last week.

Mrs. Stephen Jarvis, of Philadelphia, is visiting her sister, Mrs. de Leigh Wilson at Olitrim, and on Thursday a bridge and on Friday a tea were given in her honor by her hostess. Other events welcome this handsome visitor.

The death of Mr. W. D. Taylor, father of Mrs. Ross Gooderham and Mrs. Brown, (formerly Taylor-Massey, of New York), which occurred while visiting the latter, is much deplored in Toronto, where Mr. Taylor was much esteemed by a large circle of old friends. The funeral took place on Monday from his residence in Elm avenue, to Mount Pleasant Cemetery.

Miss Muriel Jarvis returned at mid-week from a very happy visit at the Capital, where she has been most kindly entertained in all quarters.

The visit of His Excellency the Governor-General this week had every hour taken up, and the quality of ubiquity not being vouchsafed to him Lord Grey had some planning to do to keep all his engagements. However, our "best" Governor-General is being equal to the occasion and those who are unable to get any of his time know that it is not his fault they are disappointed.

Lady Dollie Smyly returned last week from a very happy little trip to Ottawa and New York, where she went with some friends.

Senator and Mrs. Melvin-Jones came back from Ottawa on Monday. They spent some time at Rideau Hall, the guests of His Excellency and Countess Grey. Miss Melvin-Jones returned later in the week. The masked costume ball at Llawhaden on Wednesday next will be one of the big events in a busy week.

Mrs. Osborne has gone to England. Mrs. Hugh Lumsden, of Ottawa, is visiting her parents in Wellesley crescent. Mr. George Allen, of Winnipeg, who came down to the funeral of his mother, Mrs. G. W. Allen, last Thursday, has returned home. Mr. Alfred Tate has gone to England. Mrs. and Miss Dorothy Tate have gone to Bermuda.

Miss Kathleen Lizars is in town. Miss Louie Janes has returned from Minnewaska. Miss Hazel Kemp has returned from Ottawa. Mrs. and the Misses Schoenberger and Miss Gertrude Tate are back from Ottawa. Mrs. Harriss, of Barnsdale, is also in town.

Mrs. Warrington, Macpherson avenue, gave bridge parties on Thursday and yesterday. Mrs. George Ridout gave a small bridge on Thursday. Mrs. George Harman had a small tea on Thursday. Mrs. Pattinson, of Parkdale, gave a girls' tea on Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Anthes and Miss Anthes are at the Clarendon, Seabreeze, Florida, until spring.

Mr. Arthur M. Brooke, Royal Bank of Canada, has been transferred to London.

Parliament will be opened by His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor on Thursday afternoon at three o'clock, when the usual turnout of smart people in evening attire will invade the floor of the House. Cards were out early this week for admission to that sacred precinct.

REA'S STORE FOR WOMEN

SATIN GOWNS

Fashion never evolved a more charming mode than the high-waisted gown of the present and coming season, with its long, unbroken lines and its subtle suggestion of classic dignity and grace.

Modelled in satin it reaches its highest point of gracefulness. The one-tone gown is favored with guimpe or tucker of net or batiste to provide the contrast necessary to artistic effect.

Our very large range of exclusive styles in satin goods is all-satisfying to the well-dressed woman of critical taste. Several dresses illustrate the effective development of the new bordered materials.

The very newest shades are in evidence. Catawba, taupe, pale yellow, Marjelaine, wistaria, amethyst, Bosphore—that new tone of Copenhagen, reseda and laurel greens, dull and antique blues.

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You can come in here after office hours, have a pleasant, exhilarating Turkish Bath, a dainty supper, leave early for home, or stay all night, waking up the next morning feeling a new man.

Try it once, you will always cure your colds and Grippe at Cook's.

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In unique designs for Spring Wear

688 SPADINA AVENUE

BEAUTY IS SKIN DEEP

To be beautiful you must keep a soft, smooth, clear skin, and to have such a skin is to be beautiful. The ideal complexion preparation is

CAMPANA'S ITALIAN BALM

It has been used by beautiful women for 25 years. It cures chapped hands, sore lips and facial blemishes, and cures the roughness of the skin caused by cold and wind.

Campana's Italian Balm should be every woman's inseparable toilet companion.

25 Cents. Sold by all druggists.

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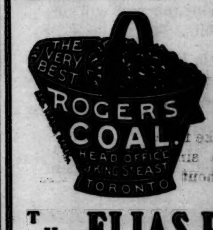

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NORDHEIMER
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Nordheimer Pianos give perfect pleasure to the performer as well as the listener—representing the highest type of elegance and the best standards of musical excellence and durability.
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Will consist of '09 models of the cars represented in Canada by THE AUTOMOBILE AND SUPPLY CO., at the *AUTOMOBILE and SPORTSMAN'S EXHIBITION,* in the *ST. LAWRENCE ARENA,* Feb. 18 to 25.

We will be pleased to have you make our exhibit your headquarters, and will demonstrate any of the following:

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OVERLAND BABCOCK ELECTRIC

The Automobile and Supply Co.
22 to 26 TEMPERANCE STREET, TORONTO

FIRST SHOWING OF NEW WALL PAPERS

ON

MONDAY MORNING

The opening of the spring season is anticipated in the beautiful assortment of wall papers just passed into stock, the first of large and important shipments now being hurried forward.

This store has obtained fame through the artistic character of its wall papers and decorations, and the showing this year will surpass all previous exhibits.

The foremost English, French and American makers are represented by a carefully chosen collection of their best designs.

It would be a mistake for anyone thinking of decorating even a single room to commence the work without first seeing these new importations.

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SOCIETY

A MUSICAL was given on Thursday afternoon at the residence of Mr. George Sears, Pembroke street, at which many musical people had a treat in the charming singing of Miss Mabel Beddoe, who has been recuperating from an illness which temporarily stopped her studies abroad, but who is now in fine voice and health. Devotees of the 'cello also had great pleasure in listening to a new artist who has recently come to Toronto.

A very valuable and interesting exhibition of French paintings is now on in Montreal, and some lovers of French art are anxious to have the exhibition brought on to Toronto before it is returned to France. We have become familiar with and appreciative of Dutch art through the exhibitions given by the Woman's Art Society, and would enjoy a good look at some fine French pictures for a change. I hope to announce that arrangements are *en train* very soon to that end.

The High Park Golf Club gave a very smart and pleasant dance last week in the King Edward ballroom, not their first, as some of the papers stated, for it was a repetition of last year's success in the same place. The Golf Club has a large and enthusiastic membership, and many of the guests were from the west end, Parkdale being very largely represented, several belles from the other quarters of the city disputing the place of honor as the most attractive. There is a spirit of *bon camaraderie* and regard in this club which shows pleasantly in its social gatherings, and radiates from the genial president and his wife to the youngest member.

One of the pleasantest teas of last week was given by Mrs. J. H. G. Hagarty at her home in Spadina road. Mrs. Hagarty was assisted by her daughter and nieces, the Misses Biscoe, and Miss Estelle Nordheimer, and a large number of ladies were at the tea, although the death of Mrs. G. W. Allan, whose funeral took place on the afternoon of the tea, kept a number of old friends at home. The rooms were bright with a touch of springlike bloom, daffodils beaming from every corner, and the table was decorated with enchantress carnations and ferns, with sashes of pink satin ribbons. Mrs. Hagarty wore grey brocade and a knot of violets in the delicate lace on her bodice, and gave each of the girls who assisted a handsome posy of violets. Some of the nearest friends were greatly interested in a photo of young Mrs. Broughall's infant, which its maternal grandmama has recently received from the West.

Mrs. Jack Massey, Rosedale, and her daughters receive next Monday for the last time this season. Mrs. Jack Drynan received yesterday for the last time this season.

Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Strathy leave next Monday for a sojourn of several months abroad. They sail on the Coronia next Thursday for Naples, and will spend some time in southern Europe, coming to England in May, and not returning to Toronto until September. The groom and bride-elect of next Tuesday will also sail on the Coronia for a honeymoon abroad. Others going on the Coronia are Mr. and Mrs. James Scott, and one or two more whose names escape me.

Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Gibson, their daughter, and niece, Miss Phyllis Moffat, are going to Italy shortly.

Captain Harold Bickford is leaving shortly for England, *en route* to South Africa, where he will be for some time.

Mrs. D. W. Macpherson gave a bridge and tea on Friday (5th) at her home in Bathurst street. Mrs. Alfred Wright and Miss Evelyn Cox were the prize-winners. Among the guests was Mrs. Goldwin Kirkpatrick, who is down on a visit from Edmonton and is looking very well. Mrs. Macpherson welcomed her guests with that cordial manner which is a gift in her family. Mrs. Garratt, Mrs. Sam Sloane, Mrs. Fritz Fox, Mrs. Gerard Strathy, Miss Thompson were some of the little coterie.

Mrs. Fritz Fox is giving a tea next Monday at her cosy and pretty home in Davenport road. Miss Reta Ellis is giving a young folks' tea on Monday at her home in Maple avenue.

Mrs. R. J. Kearns is giving a reception at her residence, 128 Jameson avenue, Parkdale, next Tuesday afternoon from four to seven o'clock.

My readers may remember the unique account of "a church that was built in a day," recently published elsewhere in this paper. The clergyman in charge of this congregation of lightning workers is getting up a concert for next Thursday evening, February 18, in Broadview Hall, to start a building fund in connection with St. Barnabas church, of which he is in charge while Rev. Mr. Vipond is away in England. The good people who attend service there out in the east end suffer from cold during their prayers to a degree one needs to feel to realize. Water will freeze in the church during the early service. The concert in aid of better conditions will be given by the "Chester Philharmonic Society," who will sing Pattison's "Ancient Mariner," and a miscellaneous second part of the programme. The Chester Philharmonic is the newest thing out in choral societies, and has grown and flourished under trying conditions under the direction and encouragement of Rev. Ernest R. J. Biggs, who has demonstrated the truth of the remark that "wherever two or three Old Countrymen gathered together, there will be a philharmonic society!" The new little chorus should have a full house next Thursday, if their fellow Christians do their plain duty by them. They have set a pace in church work which won't be heaten in our time, I fancy.

Trinity Lenten Lecture Course begins next Saturday with a lecture on "Fools, Rogues, and Vagabonds," by Professor H. V. Routh, M.A., of Cambridge University. The lecture is timed for 3.30, and is one of a very promising lot of titles, of varied interest and style.

"I felt for my old self as the dead may feel if they ever revisit these scenes. I was glad to be tenderly remembered—not to be quite forgotten." So said the great humanitarian and novelist, Charles Dickens, upon an occasion. That he is not forgotten, nor likely to be for many, many years, was shown on Saturday evening by the very large number of his admirers which gathered in the Normal School to celebrate his birthday. It is almost a century now since the important day when the first tiny cry in a Portsmouth home announced the arrival of the little one who was to do so much for down-trodden men and women—ninety-seven years, to be precise, on the 7th of this month, but although the years are passing his wish to be tenderly remembered is being amply fulfilled. On Saturday a delectable programme was enjoyed in the theatre of the school, after which an adjournment was made to the gymnasium, which had been fitted up with a buffet and gaily decorated with Chinese lanterns. A most delightful hour or more was spent in this room by the Dickensonians *en conversazione* and in the enjoyment of music.

Trinity Conversat, which was postponed on account of the death of the Primate, will be held on Monday evening, February 22. This day is also Washington's birthday, by the way, and an anniversary which our cousins to the south cherish with great care.

The Rose ball on February 23 is the last date before Lent on which the ultra-orthodox may trip the light fantastic. A good many are preparing to finish the ante-Lenten season in fine style, and all points to a great success for the Rose ball.

Distinctly correct for the afternoon affair. York Springs ginger ale—the most popular of all beverages, because the most delicious—is in vogue everywhere with discriminating hostesses.

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When the kidneys are not strong enough to filter uric acid from the blood, this poison inflames nerves and muscles, bringing the excruciating pain of Rheumatism.

Abbey's Salt cures Rheumatism by strengthening the Kidneys and preventing the accumulation of uric acid.

If you feel your old trouble coming on, get a bottle of 25

Abbey's Effer-vescent Salt

25c. and 60c. a bottle. At all dealers.

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THE Gossard CORSETS
"They Lace in Front"

You have heard of these famous Corsets which have created a "furor" in France and America—the new idea in corset building.

Next week you will have the pleasure of seeing them, of trying them on, of learning first hand, from our expert Corsetiere, all about them. She will explain the

"NEW ART OF FIGURE BUILDING"

Every woman in Toronto, who sets value upon a perfect figure, should see these splendid models of the Gossard Corsets, which alone induce the slender, sinuous, girlish back so greatly desired by the woman of fashion. Gossard Corsets are conducive to health, as well as grace and beauty, because they give just the support which every woman needs and appreciates, and make life worth living.

We ask you kindly to attend this exploitation sale which begins Monday in our Corset Section. We want you to meet Mrs. S. R. Andrus, the Corsetiere sent here by the manufacturer, to personally introduce, explain and fit Gossard Corsets. We want you to see for yourself how infinitely superior is the Gossard to every other Corset made. Be sure to come.

M. A. Murray & Co. Limited

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb

BIRTHS.

STEWART—At Barrie, Feb. 3, 1909, the wife of D. M. Stewart, barrister, a daughter.

SCADDING—At Rock Island, Ill., Feb. 5, 1909, to Mr. and Mrs. J. L. S. Scadding, a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

FERRIS-QUIGLEY—At St. Paul's R. C. church, Feb. 4, 1909, Helen, daughter of Mr. S. Quigley, to J. Elmar Ferris, all of Toronto.

DEATHS.

BELT—At his late residence in Shaw St., Toronto, Feb. 5, 1909, Rev. Canon Wm. Belt, M.A., late rector of Burlington, Ont., in his 83rd year.

DOEL—At his late residence in Avenue road, Feb 6, 1909, Rev. John Doel, in his 94th year

"Here is every thing advantageous to life."
Shakespeare (Winter's Tale).

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SANDY MACDONALD
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SCOTCH WHISKY
(10 years old)

Guaranteed by the distillers to be ten years old, is one of the best whiskies for medicinal purposes. Its dieteric properties and stimulating values make it one of the greatest aids to physicians which it is possible to procure.

INVESTIGATE—Quality will do the rest.

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His Only Recital in Toronto

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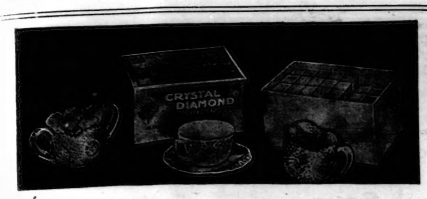
MASSEY HALL
Thursday, Feb. 25th

Reserved Seats: $1.00, $1.50, $2.00, $2.50.

Balcony Front: $3.00

Sale of Seats begins Thursday next, February 18.

Out of town orders should be addressed to The Manager, Massey Music Hall.



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My lady wears her diamonds, to beautify her hands,
My lady wears her diamonds, in rings and gorgeous strands.
My lady now has "Diamonds," of sparkling purity,
These brilliant "Crystal Diamonds," for coffee and for tea.

"Crystal Diamonds" are the finest table sugar ever produced and are the result of 30 years experience in sugar refining. In attractive 5 pound cartoons and also by the pound. 1

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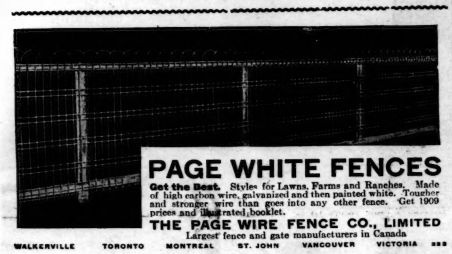

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ANNUAL MEETING
—OF—
The Home Life Association
OF CANADA.

The Annual Meeting of the Home Life Association of Canada was held at the office of the Association, corner Victoria and Adelaide streets, Toronto, on Tuesday, February 9th, 1909.

There was a good attendance of the shareholders and policyholders.

The President, Hon. J. R. Stratton, occupied the chair, and Mr. A. J. Walker, Secretary of the Association, acted as Secretary of the meeting.

The statement submitted by the directors showed that the total net ledger assets at the close of the year amounted to $928,079.29, being an increase of $118,523.15 over the figures of last year.

Of the Net Ledger Assets amounting to $928,079.29, First Mortgages amounting to $223,857.19 represent thirty-five per cent. of the total; Debentures, Bonds and Stocks, $185,230.13 and Cash in Banks, $126,268.86, amount to twenty-five per cent; Loans on Policies, $146,186.11, to sixteen per cent.; Home Life Building, $145,000.00, to sixteen per cent.; the balance of the percentage to make 100 being represented by Cash in Hand and Investments on Call Loans. It is to be seen therefore that the investments are not of a speculative character. The Assets of the Association, including outstanding or deferred premiums and Agents' Balances, total $981,053.13.

The cash premium income for the year amounted to $199,789.12, an advance over the amount of 1907.

The interest earnings for the year 1908 amounted to $46,761.48, being twenty-one per cent. over the previous year.

The legal reserves on policies issued, provided for on the stringent Government basis of valuation, total $819,990.31, an increase of more than $100,000 over the figures of 1907.

The total assets for the protection of policyholders now amount to $1,752,461.61.

The interest earnings of the Association, $46,761.48, are now $12,791.63 in excess of the amount required to satisfy the liabilities arising from policies becoming claims.

The decrease in the amounts of payments in respect of cash surrenders was noted with satisfaction; and there was a gratifying lessening in lapses of policies.

The payments to policyholders during the year amounted to $54,680.60; death claims comprised $23,964.85; matured endowments and cash surrendered totalled $20,715.15.

The total insurance in force at the close of the year was $5,548,258, under 4,408 policies.

The reduction in expenses of management, and the satisfactory surplus are regarded as two features of a gratifying character.

The annual statement of assets and liabilities was satisfactory to shareholders, and taken in connection with the other satisfactory aspects of the report, were considered evidences of general improvement in the condition and interests of the Association.

Taking this into account and also the good results of last year, and in addition, having regard to what has been accomplished under the present board, there is shown conservative and competent administration of the affairs of the Association. With this assured and in view of the present satisfactory state of its affairs, a continuation of prosperity may be anticipated with confidence.

After remarks expressing congratulation and explanation by the President, Vice-Presidents, General Manager and shareholders, the report was adopted unanimously.

DIRECTORS.

Hon. J. R. Stratton, M.P., John S. King, Esq., James L. Hughes, Esq., D. W. Karn, Esq., J. S. Hough, Esq., K.C., J. W. Lyon, Esq., Rev. A. L. Gee, George Arnyot, Esq., John Sheridan, Esq., Thomas W. Bodoy, Esq., John Curtis, Esq., E. L. Gould, Esq., J. H. Spencer, Esq., J. K. McCutcheon Esq., Prof. J. F. Tufts, James J. Warren, Esq., Charles E. Stevenson, Esq., Rev. J. H. Hazlewood.

ADVISORY DIRECTORS.

Nova Scotia, Hon. J. W. Longley; British Columbia, James Maynard, Esq.; Winnipeg, Man., S. A. Bedford, Esq., and Ashmore Kennedy, Esq.; Edmonton, Alta., Charles May, Esq.

Subsequently to the annual meeting, the Board of Directors met and elected the Hon. J. R. Stratton, M.P., President; Messrs. J. L. Hughes and John S. King, Vice-Presidents, and J. K. McCutcheon, Managing Director.

Society at the Capital

THE red letter event of last week was a brilliant and exceedingly smart ball at Government House on Friday night, given by Their Excellencies Lord and Lady Grey principally in honor of their guest Lady Dorothy Onslow, who arrived with Lady Sybil Grey last week from England, and secondly, for the entertainment of the many charming visitors in the Capital, who, both young and old have been the causes *d'etre* of a very large number of minor though almost as delightful gatherings of various descriptions. The vice-Regal residence on Friday night was as usual lavishly and tastefully decorated with all sorts of luxuriant potted shrubs and fragrant blossoms, and although this was not the State Ball, which generally takes place later in the season, the number of guests was nearly as large as is usually the case at the more formal function.

Her Excellency, with Lady Sybil Grey, received the guests at the ballroom entrance, His Excellency greeting them later on account of having been detained at a lecture which demanded his presence earlier in the evening. Lady Evelyn Grey was much missed, as she is at present visiting the Misses McCook in New York. Unlike the State Ball, the dancing became general at once, there being no State Lancers, and no "slow" dances were on the programme, much to the delight of the younger set, who were rather outnumbered, however, by the married folk on this occasion. The conservatories, hung with myriads of Japanese lanterns, which twinkled among the verdure, and also the many smaller rooms adjacent to the ball-room, were used as sitting out nooks, and many a young couple enjoyed an extremely happy half hour or so ensconced in one of the cosy corners. The buffet in the dining-room, laden with tempting dainties and decorated with lovely roses and carnations, was much patronized during the earlier portion of the night, and at midnight, supper, which was served in the Racquet Court, was announced by the singing of "God Save the King." To this His Excellency took in Mrs. William Paterson, wife of the Minister of Customs, Her Excellency following with Hon. Mr. Paterson and Lady Sybil Grey with Hon. Sydney Fisher. Four round tables, prettily decorated with pink roses were arranged in the centre of the room and a buffet occupied the farther end and two sides.

Her Excellency wore a beautiful gown of pale pink chiffon over silk, richly embroidered in pink crystals. She wore her magnificent diamond tiara and necklace, as well as a costly rope of pearls, and carried a bouquet of pale pink orchids. Lady Sybil Grey's graceful Empire gown was of white satin, embroidered in opalescent and silver beads. Miss Gladys Hanbury Williams looked extremely pretty in a very dainty and artistic gown of white Indian gauze embroidered in white and green and built over pink satin. All the dresses were unusually handsome and in nearly every case were richly embroidered.

Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier and all the Ministers of the Cabinet as well as a large number of Senators and members of Parliament with their wives and daughters were present and among those who are visiting for a short time in the Capital and who had the honor of being invited were: Mrs. Mandeville Merritt, Miss Flora Macdonald, Miss Hazel Kemp, Mrs. McWhinney, Miss Norah Gwynne, Miss Sylvester from Toronto; Miss Enid Hendrie of Hamilton, and Mrs. McNicholl, Miss Gladys Grant, Miss Dora Henneker, Miss Dorothy Vaugham and Miss Naomi Winslow from Montreal.

THE many popular visitors in the Capital are still being "lunched" on every side as well as being made the honored guests of a great many bright little "bridges" and dinners, to say nothing of the ever popular tea which goes on merrily from day to day. Of the first mentioned gatherings the hostesses last week were: Mrs. J. F. Kydd, who first entertained a dozen of her young friends, and followed a day or two afterwards with a second lunch for about the same number of her married friends; Mrs. Irwin, whose guests on Tuesday enjoyed a very bright hour or two; Mrs. Toller, whose mid-day gathering on Wednesday was in special honor of her eldest daughter, Mrs. Cranston of Arnprior; Mrs. George Bryson, whose guests, numbering about thirty, enjoyed an interesting game of bridge after the dainty repast; Mrs. Martin Griffin, who invited twelve of her married friends; Madame Lemieux, who on the same day entertained seventeen of our most popular hostesses at one of the prettiest luncheons of the season; Mrs. Fred Booth, whose guests were joined later by a number of ladies who took part in a game of bridge, the prizes, six in number, being won by Mrs. Allan Gill, Miss Lily McGee, Mrs. Hamnett Hill, Mrs. Geo. Bryson, Miss Hope Wurtele and Miss Claire Oliver. Mrs. A. P. Sherwood also entertained at a charming luncheon early in the week.

DINNERS were very frequent during the week, and among the smartest were two given by Mr. George H. Perley, M.P., and Mrs. Perley, one on Tuesday and the second on Thursday; Sir Charles and Lady Fitzpatrick's, when their guest of honor was Miss Olive Mills, of Toronto, and twelve young people were present; Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Borden's on the same evening, when their guests included Mr. Edgar Rhodes, M.P., and Mrs. Rhodes, of Amherst, N.S.; Mr. G. H. Barnard, M.P., and Mrs. Barnard, of Victoria, B.C.; Mr. G. H. Cowan, M.P., and Mrs. Cowan, of Vancouver, B.C.; Mr. T. W. Crothers, M.P., and Mrs. Crothers, of St. Thomas; Mrs. Hyndman, of Winnipeg; Mr. W. S. Middleboro, of Owen Sound; and their visitor, Miss Hazel Kemp, of Toronto, and Mr. Montague Bate.

HOSTESSES who contributed greatly to the success of the week's social programme by giving most enjoyable afternoon or evening bridge parties were: Miss Elinor Girouard, whose gathering was in honor of her visitor, Miss Daisy Coates, of New York; Miss Hilda Murphy, whose guests, Miss Enid Hendrie, of Hamilton, and Miss Delphine Sylvester, of Toronto, were the "bright particular stars" of an event of the kind on Tuesday evening; Mrs. Alfred Fripp, whose party comprised nine tables of players and included all the attractive Torontonians who are in town just now. Mrs. Toller, Mrs. Angus Fraser, Mrs. Colbrone Meredith, Mrs. J. Lyons Biggar, Mrs. C. A. Young, and Mrs. Walter Rowan were others who on different afternoons invited a small number to play bridge.

MRS. Mandeville Merritt is a welcome visitor from the Queen City who arrived last week to spend a chat time with Hon. Senator and Mrs. Kirchhoffer at their apartment in The Cecil, and later will be the guest of Mrs. Charles A. E. Harriss at Earnescliffe. Mrs. Harriss left on Saturday to spend several days in Toronto.

THIS week the Carnival at Montreal is proving a strong magnet to Ottawans, and all who can manage it are either going down to witness it or have gone. Their Excellencies Lord and Lady Grey and party will leave for that attractive city to-day.

THE CHAPERONE.

The old sweet "tunes" of childhood days.
The songs we all sang together in the long ago.
The songs which Mother sang, and we the chorus.
What would you not give to have the old songs back?

TRY THEM ON A

Gerhard Heintzman
SELF PLAYING PIANO

You cannot play? That matters not at all. You need no skill.

You command it—all—the old time music which never grows old—the new music of the passing days—the serious music which nothing could replace.

This, the only self-playing instrument made in Canada playing the **complete** keyboard.

Send now for our beautiful self-player art booklet.

SPECIAL OFFER
A self player, very little used, cannot be told from new, all our patented improvements and fully guaranteed.
Write at once for price and terms.
Your present instrument taken as part payment.

Gerhard Heintzman, Limited
97 YONGE ST., TORONTO
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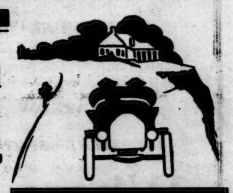
See the Full RUSSELL Line at the Automobile Show, Feb. 18 to 25



Beyond any question, the cars of the year!
The best construction known to automobile building.
Specially designed for Canadian roads.

Shaft drive—selective transmission—metal-to-metal clutch—F. & S. annular ball bearings—nickel steel driving mechanism—floating type of rear axle—platform suspension.

Touring Cars and Roadsters $1500 to $4500
Four and two-cylinder models—18 to 50 horse power

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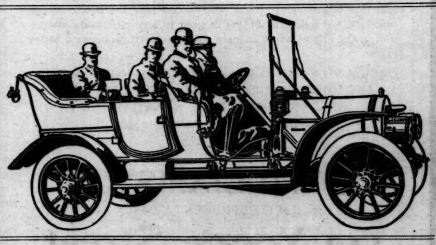

Canada Cycle & Motor Co., Lim'ted, West Toronto
MAKERS OF HIGH GRADE AUTOMOBILES
BRANCHES: Toronto, Winnipeg, Hamilton, Vancouver, Ottawa, Montreal, Melbourne

Manager—We must put a great deal of realism into this forest scene. Can you get some one to growl so as to resemble a bear? Assistant—I think so. There are several chorus men who have not received their wages for three weeks. I'll call them. —St. Louis Republic.

Policeman—Here, you! What are you doing wandering around this time in the morning? Belated Pedestrian—The cursed barber cut my hair too short, and I don't care to go home to my wife.—New York Herald.

"Should actresses wed?" asks a Paris paper. Certainly, but not to excess.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

"Does Mrs. Peck's husband command a good salary?" "He earns a good salary. She commands it."—Boston Transcript.

PUBLIC OPINION

And the

New Scale Williams

PIANO

It has often been said that public opinion is sometimes swayed in a business way by clever advertising and the publishing of paid testimonials; and while this is true to a certain extent, yet we hardly feel like believing the educated people of Toronto would allow their minds to become biased by this method of procedure.

QUALITY COUNTS

AND IN YEARS TO COME THE MANUFACTURER WHO PRODUCES QUALITY, AND KEEPS ABREAST OF THE TIMES IN IMPROVEMENTS WILL HAVE THE TRADE OF THE COUNTRY.

THE BROAD MINDED PERSON

says to himself or herself, "Quality counts with me and before I decide on a piano I will examine all makes carefully and the *piano*, not the *name*, will influence my decision."

THE WEAK MINDED PERSON

says, "Lord, So-and-So has purchased So-and-So's piano (not knowing that perhaps the piano was given him for his influence), and if it is good enough for him, it will do for me."

THE NARROW MINDED PERSON

says, "Oh, no, there is only one good make of piano in the world, and all the rest are bad, simply because I think so."

Where Do You Stand?

Just think this matter over and say to yourself: "There is more truth than poetry in what they say and before I purchase a piano I will examine the Great New Scale Williams' carefully, as the makers are doing all in their power to produce the greatest piano on earth."

$1,000 in Gold

Since the conception of the "New Scale Williams" Piano some five years ago, it has been our aim to produce an instrument that would meet with the approval of the musical people, and to-day we are proud of our success.

All that is possible to go into a high grade piano goes into the "New Scale Williams." We do not hesitate to say it is the best that brains can produce, and to convince the public of our sincerity, we will give $1,000 in gold to any charitable institution in the city if any Canadian manufacturer produces a better piano.

CALL AND SEE THIS BEAUTIFUL PIANO IN EITHER UPRIGHT OR GRANDS AT ANY TIME, AND SEE WHAT THE REAL STANDARD OF HIGH GRADE PIANO MAKING IS.

THE R. S. WILLIAMS & SONS CO., LTD.

SOLE REPRESENTATIVES

143 Yonge Street

LABATT'S ALE

Is made from tested, natural spring water, selected barley malt, and a blend of the choicest growth of hops. No substitutes for hops or barley are used. An aid to digestion and a cause of comfort after meals.

FULL OF THE VIRTUES OF BARLEY AND HOPS

What Canadian Editors are Saying

As the sentiment of the Grain Growers' convention at Brandon last week indicated, the feeling in favor of government ownership of internal elevators and terminals is growing stronger. Judging from the convention proceeding the question will not down and the growing strength of the organized wheat producers makes the question one which the politicians cannot ignore. Unless the signs are altogether at variance public ownership of elevators will be a feature if not an issue the next provincial election.—Portage La Prairie Graphic.

* * *

The Legislature of Oregon has passed a bill forbidding the marriage of any one who has not a certificate of good health. Such legislation may be carried to a cruel extreme, as many a couple have "lived happily ever afterwards," who were not good insurance risks at the time of their marriage. At the same time there are certain transmissible diseases which should be a bar to matrimony in the interest of society and posterity.—London Advertiser.

* * *

With the filling of a few gaps it will be possible to ride by trolley car from New York to Chicago. The States are fast being gridironed with electric railways, and Ontario will not be many years behind.—Goderich Signal.

* * *

There was something humorous in the spectacle of 12,000 American citizens boiling with excitement over a foot race between a Canadian and an Englishman, and with not a chance to cheer for the Stars and Stripes.—London Advertiser.

* * *

Here's hoping that Parliament has a short and merry session.—Galt Reporter.

* * *

W. T. Stead may have had spiritualistic communication with his dead son Willie, but people will suspect it of being a fake by reason of the circumstance that Willie was allowed to do all the talking.—Kincardine Review.

* * *

A fairly simple way to reform the Senate and ultimately abolish it is for the Government to cease filling the vacant seats in that chamber.—Kincardine Review.

* * *

Publicity, then, becomes the duty of the age. Let in the light! Turn on the light! Drag national policies from out the private political corner, and display them upon the public squares, where the sunlight can shine down upon them and reveal them as they are! This, and this only, can give us the surety of safety.—Hamilton Spectator.

* * *

Gilbert Parker says the empire's newspaper men are "ministers of education." He might have added "without portfolio or salary."—Calgary Herald.

* * *

Woman is still the mystery she always was. A Toronto woman described as white, cultured and prepossessing, who was shot and wounded of her colored husband, refused to testify against the man when he was tried for attempting her life, and defended him to the last. That is the way with women, and just because such is their way the brutal attacks of worthless men on their wives are all the more shocking.—Woodstock Sentinel.

* * *

The world feels that there is something wrong with the philosophy which teaches that the object of life is to breed men as "food for powder," and to toil for military and naval glory.—Hamilton Times.

* * *

The plucky, agile, wiry hero, now makes way for the plucky, agile, wireless hero.—Vancouver Province.

"The Reminiscences of Bismarck" contains an interesting account of that statesman's courtship. He was merely a young Prussian officer when he first met Johanna von Puttkamer, but he was so smitten that he made application at once to the lady's father for permission to pay his addresses. Aghast at Bismarck's proposal, the old gentleman did not absolutely decline it. Instead, he wrote doubtfully, giving rather grudging permission for the young lover to pay a sort of "visit of inspection" at the Puttkamer home. Bismarck eagerly hastened to Reinfeld. The whole Puttkamer family was lined up to greet him. The father and mother glared at him solemnly, and Johanna herself stood between them, her eyes cast modestly downward. It was an awkward moment. The swift, whirlwind decision that scored Bismarck his later political triumphs came now to the front, and he carried the situation by storm.

Galloping up the driveway, he leaped from his horse; ran forward and flung his arms around Johanna; taking no heed of her scandalized parents; catching her to his breast and covering her blushing face with kisses. After that there could be no talk of "probation" or "waiting." The betrothal was an accepted fact. Bismarck in his old age used to tell the story with more delight than he took in describing his statesmanship victories, and usually he would wind up by saying: "She made me what I am."

To the end of that married life the couple wrote each other long and loving letters each day whenever they were not together. The iron chancellor's began usually, "My Angel," "Dearest Heart," or "Most Beloved." They contained somewhat prosy descriptions of the work he was doing, but here and there he speaks lovingly of her "blue-gray-black eyes," calls her his "Black Sun" and makes similar remarks. Once he said:

"My metaphor of the 'Black Sun' is false. Are you not rather a dark, warm, summer night, with fragrance of flowers and heat-lightning?"

The countess never cared for nor cultivated marital trouble. She stood between Bismarck and a horde of diplomats, bores, savants, human donkeys, and politicians and took care that his buttons were on and that the laundryman did not iron saw edges on his collars and shirts. Incidentally she loved the brute and softened down his rough places until he became quite human. A woman who understands is the whole Neufchatel. Johanna understood.

A CIGAR OF EXCEPTIONAL GOOD QUALITY.

"EL ZENDA"

The new size, "EXCEPCIONALES DE ROTHCHILD," we recommend as being the finest attainable in respect to quality and flavor.

15c STRAIGHT. - 25 IN A BOX, $3.50

MANY OTHER POPULAR SHAPES AT ALL PRICES.

"Depot for B.B.B. Pipes" **A. Clubb & Sons,** Sole Distributors, **5 King West**

Immortalized by J. M. BARRIE in "MY LADY NICOTINE"

CRAVEN

An English Smoking Mixture MADE IN ENGLAND.

Matured in wood and mellowed by age.

Teacher's "Highland Cream" Scotch Whisky

is because of its delicacy and mildness, recommended by leading physicians to patients of tender constitution,

At all leading Hotels

Geo. J. Foy, Limited, Toronto
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and retailed in Toronto by

THE WM. MARA CO.

BY APPOINTMENT

The Radnor Water Co.

Announces that it has been Appointed Purveyor of MINERAL WATER to

HIS MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII.

The London Chronicle is the latest to draw attention to the dangers of feminine headgear. Reticence, says The Chronicle, is not the note of modern millinery. Not only the hatpin, but the decorative quill may poke out the eye of the adjacent stranger in our crowded trains and trams. Last evening this writer saw a sudden vengeance. In the train beside a woman with an aggressive hat was another woman whose cheek was again and again menaced by the fretful quills. She dodged, smiled at the apologies, but kept her eye on the aggressor. One had begun to think her an angel of tolerance—when she rose to depart. With a swift and dexterous hand she snatched the trimming from the neighbor's hat, broke the quills, cast them from her, and—well, you have to hurry off the underground trains.

That was a very pretty compliment which Mr. Charles Frohman paid Miss Billie Burke yesterday when the youngest of the Frohman stars telegraphed her bitter regrets from Boston that, owing to the injury to her arm, she could not open the Hollis Street Theatre:

"I feel terribly about it, more terribly than I can tell you. The thought of keeping your theatre closed all this week hurts me even more than my arm does."

"That's all right," wired back Mr. Frohman. "Don't you worry, little girl. There are thousands of other weeks but only one Billie Burke."

"Did you notice that handsome lady who just went out?" queried the bookseller.

"Yes," replied the man in front of the counter. "What about her?"

"She has a very interesting history," said the literary salesman.

"How do you know?" asked the other.

"Because I sold it to her a few minutes before you came in," replied the other, as he indulged in an open-faced grin.—Exchange.

Katy, aged 5, and a resident of America's seat of culture, ran to her father one morning exclaiming:

"Father, Brother Howard swore."

"Swore, did he?" inquired the parent, grimly, reaching for the slipper. "What did he say?"

"He said 'ain't,'" responded Katy, solemnly.—Boston Transcript.